

Christmas is. Easter regulates the movable feast-days; and we hear children of all denominations speaking about the "Easter holidays."

"Easter Day," according to the Prayer Book, "is always the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or next after the twenty-first day of March; and if the full moon happens upon a Sunday, Easter Day is the Sunday after." This was settled in 325 A.D., after a considerable controversy. In the earliest age of the Church the Christian paschal feast was held at two periods: in Asia Minor, on the same day as the Jewish Passover, *i.e.*, on the 14th of Nisan (the Jewish month corresponding to our March or April), whether on Sunday or not; and in the Western countries on the Sunday after that date. Towards the end of the second century the Bishop of Rome resolved to compel the Eastern Churches to observe the Sunday; and after a century's bitter strife an Apostolic Canon decreed that all who kept Easter before the vernal equinox (March 21) would be deposed. Matters went to such a length that Constantine settled the question almost as it is now adhered to. But he had no idea of the difficulties involved, otherwise he would have got quit of the moon altogether.

From the conditions of the Council of Nice, now slightly modified so as to be more intelligible, it follows that the Easter full moon cannot happen before the 21st of March. No doubt the sun enters Aries generally on the 20th (as this year), and sometimes on the 19th; and it is quite possible that a full moon may arrive after the true equinox, and yet precede the 21st of March. But that would not be the Easter moon of the calendar. For the same reason Easter Sunday cannot happen before the 22nd of March. If the full moon falls on the 21st, the new moon falls on the 8th. If the new moon was on the 7th, then the full moon would be on the 20th, or before the equinox, and therefore the next moon would be the Easter moon. In 1761 and 1818 Easter Day fell on the 22nd of March; but neither in this nor the following century will such be the case again. In 1845 and 1856 it fell on the 23rd of March, but this will not happen again until 1913. So that this is a comparatively *early* Easter. Looking at the calendar, we find that full moon occurs on the 25th March, which is after the 21st (spring equinox): accordingly the first Sunday after the 25th, *i.e.*, the 20th, is Easter Sunday.

In 1886 the date of Easter was very singular. The full moon was on the 20th of March, on a Saturday, just a day before the equinox. That could not therefore be the Easter moon. The full moon of April fell on a Sunday—the 18th; accordingly, the celebration was put off until the 25th, the very latest day on which Easter can happen. This remarkable occurrence had not been witnessed since 1736, and will not be seen again till the year 1943. In 1859, Easter fell on the 24th of April; and in 1848, on the 23rd of April. Easter cannot, therefore, happen before the 22nd of March, nor later than the 25th of April. One object in arranging the calendar moon was that the Christians' Easter might never fall on the same day as the Jews' Passover. Yet in 1805 and 1825 they occurred together. This will not happen again until the year 1903.

But early or late, Easter is always a joyful time. Most of the old customs and superstitions associated with the period have fallen into disuse, but as a holiday season it is duly recognised by all classes and all ages. Once on a time the poor were feasted in the churches on Easter Day; but this often led to much disorder. Slaves were freed, Lenten gloom was followed by a reactionary joy. "The Sunday of joy" is still called in the East the "Bright day." Farical exhibitions were not unknown in the churches, when the clergy would relate laughable stories to excite the people. The salutation with a kiss is still observed in the Greek Church. In Russia red eggs are exchanged and caged birds are let loose. The Pace, Pasche, or Easter egg, containing the nucleus of life, is an emblem of the Resurrec-

tion. The escape of the birds is emblematical of the liberty granted on the Easter Day. In some English counties the practice of "lifting" is practised. On Easter Monday the men lift the women and heave them forward; and on Easter Tuesday the women return the compliment on the men. If a man wishes to escape the ordeal he must "fork out." There is a similar custom during harvest time in Scotland, when the women give the men "dowcie." In Durham, on Easter Monday the men claim the honour of removing the women's shoes; and on the following day the women exact a similar privilege. In other counties the parish clerk carries round to every house (after Good Friday's service is over) a white cake as an Easter offering, for which he receives a gratuity according to the ability of the giver. In some parts of Scotland the beadle of the parish church goes round to the parishioners on the last day of the year and receives meal, cheese, etc., from the several people as part of his wages.

Easter Day is the Queen of Festivals in the Christian Church, guarded by nine Sundays before and eight Sundays after; for these are all dependent upon Easter. The Presbyterians of Scotland—especially of the Established Church—are year by year advancing in the way of having special and suitable services in the Church on that day; for the austere opposition to culture in divine service is, fortunately, gradually dying away.

#### A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

##### XXXIV.—IN A WORKMAN'S TRAIN.

IT was at five o'clock in the morning that a long walk of mine ended at the railway station of Twickenham. I was going to travel back with some other workmen to Waterloo. Already the grey dawn was coming up. Only a few minutes before I had seen the long shimmer of moonlight asleep on the dark water at Richmond Bridge, and had stood for a few minutes wondering at it—one always wonders at that old moonlight-on-water, although it is so easy to admire it. All that seemed very far away now; one did not think that it had happened thirty or forty minutes before; the grey dawn had changed things with its first touch, and the moments of rest and wonder on Richmond Bridge had become part of last night. But one still needed the gaslight in the booking-office at Twickenham, for the day was very young, and it was impossible to expect very much light from it at present. It improved later on, like an author. It had begun to be very cold—a trick that the baby day has about this season of the year. The time of the train was not yet for a few minutes; one sat and shivered, and read the useful and wearisome information that placards the walls of a booking-office, and watched workmen drift in, one by one. They came in slowly and uncertainly, stamped their feet, and spoke a few very familiar words to one another, before the booking-clerk arrived. There was the old-style workman, wearing the soft, conical felt hat, with a rustic air about him. His trousers were strapped below the knees; he carried certain things in a handkerchief, and seemed conscious of the whole of his great strong boots. There was the new-style workman, too, who wore a hard green-black hat and a dirty-white apron girt up about his waist. He was not aggressively humble—in fact, he was rather fierce, because the booking-office was not yet open. He carried a bag of tools, which he kept putting down in different places, as if he were trying to find some spot which should be worthy of it. Every time it was put down it clanked. And there were foremen who wore black overcoats and seemed as likely as not to be about to travel second class. At last the booking-clerk arrived, with the perfect punctuality which disdains to be too soon or too late, and a minute afterwards we were all crowding into the train.

My carriage was very crowded. An impetuous young man, with a fierce eye and red whiskers, dashed in at the last moment and sat down most defiantly on the side of the carriage—my side—where there was the least room. He pulled the unsmoked half of a real cigar from his pocket, and lit it very ostentatiously, as if he were only doing it to insult us. There was a boy in one corner of the carriage—boys always get the corner-seats—very red-cheeked and wide-eyed, who blew on his hands to warm them, and then stretched himself out, and took more than his fair share of room, just as if he had been a grown man. One of the foremen was travelling with us, and gave a tone to the carriage; one of the pockets of his black overcoat was bulged with an untidy, protruding parcel, done-up in pink newspaper; out of it protruded the tail of some unspeakable fish. I think it was a herring that had known happier days. The train did not seem to be in any particular hurry. We jogged along slowly. It was light enough now for me to see that there were certain things planted in rows by the side of the line, but not quite light enough for me to see what the things were. I fell asleep in the middle of a perfectly absurd conjecture about turnips. When I woke up, the impetuous red-whiskered young man was getting out at a station. His place was taken, shakily, by a very old man, who prophesied in a querulous voice, to the carriage generally, about the Boat-race—for it was the morning of the race. Nobody took much notice of him, and he was all wrong. It seemed to me a cruel thing that such old men should have to get up so very early. My feelings of compassion sent me to sleep again; compassion is generally somniferous. But then I was just at the end of a day, and the rest of the occupants of the carriage were just at the beginning of one. When I woke up again, we were at Vauxhall, and tickets were being collected. The foreman bought a morning paper here, but the rest of us were not prepared to do as much as this. The very old man was apparently just finishing a story: "And 'e says, 'Tike it or leave it; I'm not pressin' of yer.' So what were I to do? I said then as 'ow it were what I called a nawsty job, an' I says now as 'ow it's a nawsty job; I don't say no otherwise now to whort I said then. But whort with 'im talkin' like that, an' me bein' put to it, as yer might say, an' fust one thing and then another—where was I?"

He received a limited amount of sympathy, but there was not much conversation. It was too early in the morning. There was a great depression prevalent, apparently; they had all risen early, and they were all rather cold, and they all knew that things were not altered by talking about them. I just had time to fall asleep once more before we arrived at Waterloo.

If one might judge from the crowd on the platform, the train had been very full. Either the cold or a desire for punctuality made everybody in a hurry. We spread a little at the foot of the ascent to the station, but the majority of us went over Waterloo Bridge, where the noisy jangling of a little bell warned us that it was six o'clock.

#### FOOTBALL.

"HOW many hundred thousands of persons were at Kennington Oval to see the great football match on Saturday?" we were asked this week by a friend, who was surprised when we replied that the number was under thirty thousand. "I should have thought," he said, "that Nottingham alone sent that number." He is so little of a sportsman that we dared him to mention the name of the winning team. "Blackburn Rovers," he replied, and then explained how he knew all about it: "I happened to be in Nottingham on Saturday, and I assure you they talked of nothing else. A lace manufacturer wanted to know

what I had 'on;' the crowds were not in the public-houses, but round windows on which the 'result' was to be posted; my barber asked what I had 'dropped;' my waiter told me he had 'hedged,' his brother had run up to London to see the match; and three strangers stopped me on my way to the station and asked excitedly which had won. I believe there are thirty thousand persons in Nottingham alone who could write the biography (to dictation) of every member of both teams."

It is, indeed, true that we must go into the provinces to discover what a hold Association football has upon the masses. Cricket happily remains the national pastime, inasmuch as it is played by a far greater number of people; but football draws the bigger crowds, and there is a somewhat doleful reason why. For the game itself we have chiefly praise. To the ignorant onlooker it is a brutal sport, in which the players do their best to fling away their legs and jump out of their skins; but a match between skilled teams is really to the initiated a beautiful sight—as scientific as chess, and hardly more dangerous than a stroll beneath telegraph wires. The three days' excitement of a cricket match is here condensed into two hours. Yet Association football has become a sport of ill-repute. The larger party of the spectators are semi-disreputable, the "scenes" inside the ropes and outside them are frequently disgraceful, rumours of matches "sold" are ever in the air, the young artisan who shows "international" form is paid to make a business of a sport, and nine times in ten is of little more use in the world. Rugby football is comparatively little played nowadays; yet, though it is the less interesting game of the two, it remains in a healthy condition. It is popular in the schools; it has not become, like the Association game, an excuse for betting. The stronger side wins, as a matter of course. The pastime is a recreation, not a calling; in short, Rugby football is in even a more wholesome state than cricket. This is not because there is something more manly about Rugby football than about the Association game. One could bet about Rugby football, and become a Rugby professional, and "sell" his side for a consideration; but it happened that the betting people took to Association football, and left the Rugby game to those who play for pleasure instead of for cups and twenty-pound notes. There are several reasons why the provincial sportsman should prefer to "put his money" on football rather than on horse racing. The excitement lasts through a season, and is red-hot every Saturday. He is an eye-witness of many of the contests. He knows all the representatives of the local teams. Not by any means does he always bet on that local team, but doubtless a feeling that is called patriotism often makes him do so. This same "patriotism" is responsible for many of the evils of Association football. It leads to a great deal of bad language and to blackguardly scenes when the local men are being beaten. It is also responsible for bringing into the local team men who are not local. The moment a player establishes a reputation for himself there is high bidding for his services, and he is induced to give up his work at one end of the United Kingdom and settle at the other end, where he will receive more money for playing football during the season than he got for shoemaking in a year. Permanent work at his craft is also offered him in many cases, but he has become a public performer, than which there are few things worse for the morals. Could he be a cricket professional in summer and a football professional in winter, he would have steady employment at games all the year round; but the combination of qualities is rare, and having much time on his hands, the professional frequently degenerates into a loafer and a rough. As it is at present, Association football cannot rank much higher than the old cock fights, and its reputation is with those who regret that pugilism is no longer what it was. It is a fine game, played chiefly by roughs for lucre; and those who take an interest in it, do so because they have something "on."



## THE DRAMA.

MR. THOMAS THORNE'S new production at the Vaudeville, a play in four acts by Mr. Henry J. W. Dam, entitled *Diamond Deane*, has been, on the whole, very respectfully—perhaps too respectfully—received by the London press. "Oh, oui," says Mme. Chaumont in *Divorçons*, "je suis une femme très respectée," adding something to the effect that the fate of being universally respected is not, for lively temperaments, all beer and skittles. Here, I suspect, Mr. Dam may be of one mind with Mme. Chaumont. As a journalist, he was assured in advance of considerate treatment from fellow-journalists; and as an American who has elected to produce his first play in London, he might count on the indulgence of Londoners, flattered by his choice. But, being an intelligent man, he would probably have preferred to have his play taken on its intrinsic merits. That, at any rate, is how I shall ask his leave to take it; and, so taking it, shall venture to use language in regard to it not so much respectful as—like the language of Mr. Dam's "truthful" compatriot—frequent and free.

*Diamond Deane* appears to me to be a drawing-room melodrama of a conventional type. On the other hand, it has appeared to Mr. Dam's friends in the press—and possibly to Mr. Dam himself, in its inception—as something much more ambitious than that—as a play with a scientific basis: a psychological (word more comforting, to a certain order of minds, than many Mesopotamias!) experiment, a "study in criminology." Where does the "criminology" come in? If anywhere, it must clearly be in the character of the eponymous heroine—a lady in league with a gang of thieves, who has earned her nickname by her skill in insinuating herself into the confidence of British matrons, in order that she may purloin their jewellery. Let us, then, examine the behaviour of this young person, with an eye to its "criminological" aspect.

There are two sides to the dramatic treatment of crime, as there are two sides to a Bayswater omnibus—the outside and the inside. If anyone objects that this analysis is not sufficiently subtle for so scientific an affair as "criminology," I would point out to him that it has at least the merit of simplicity. And, perhaps, by the judicious use of index numbers, I may give it a properly scientific appearance. Thus:—

(1) The "outside" view of the criminal is that usually adopted in melodrama. You take your criminal ready-made, you provide him with plenty of cunning and resource, innumerable disguises, slow music in the orchestra, and you pit him against a detective, equally cunning and resourceful, own brother to M. Lecoq, warranted to say "I think I have seen that face before" at any moment, and to identify all the personages in the play by reference to a note-book. In the contest of wits, the detective ultimately triumphs, and the play ends with handcuffs. That is the common "police drama." Needless to say, it has nothing to do with "criminology."

(2) The "inside" view of the criminal is, for obvious reasons, more common in novels than in plays. It admits us to the innermost recesses of the criminal's mind, shows us why he became a criminal, and, probably, why he is anxious to cease being one. Here we get more scientific, and may allow ourselves further subdivisions. Thus:—

(a) You may go in for paradox, and show that crime is not always followed by either repentance or punishment. In short, you may controvert Mr. Gilbert's proposition that "The burglar's life is not a happy one," by picturing crime as leading to an easy conscience, wealth, longevity, troops of friends, and a Latin epitaph in Westminster Abbey. The best instance of this treatment which I can call to mind is M. Barbey d'Aurevilly's *Le Bonheur dans le Crime*,

wherein a husband, after poisoning his wife with the assistance of his mistress, marries the mistress, and the pair live ever afterwards, in the author's words, "parfaitement heureux." But this method, not making for righteousness, is unsuited to a nothing-if-not-moral stage, which naturally prefers

(β) The view that crime is its own worst chastisement. Adopting this view, the playwright, instead of showing his criminal as engaged in a game of hare-and-hounds with the police, has to present him as a *heautontimorumenos*, suffering agonies of remorse, and ultimately confessing his crime—not, of course, to the detective, but to some third person. This third person in Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment*—the archetype of this kind of story—is a young prostitute who quotes the Scriptures; in *Diamond Deane* it is an elderly parson, who quotes his own sermons. Mr. Thomas Thorne's parson is exceedingly tedious, and for my part I should have preferred the prostitute; but even Mr. Thorne's well-known readiness to undertake impersonations quite unsuited to his powers would probably have hesitated at that experiment. That, however, is a detail. The great aim of plays of this class is to inspire sympathy for the criminal, on the principle that "to understand is to forgive." We are to see how he could not help becoming a criminal, we are to be moved with pity as we watch his remorse gradually driving him to frenzy, and our nervous tension is to be relaxed along with his in the final scene of confession.

Something of this latter kind, no doubt, Mr. Dam has aimed at in *Diamond Deane*. Miss Millward, as the ladylike thief, gives us the orthodox *apologia pro vita sua*; she is a thief because her father was a thief, "and so," to quote Mr. Gilbert once more, "were her sisters and her cousins and her aunts." Miss Millward, too, duly wrings her (light-fingered) hands with remorse, and duly fesses, like Topsy, in the end. But the remorse is spasmodic, not cumulative; it does not gather momentum as the play proceeds; and the confession is not made, as it should have been made, to seem inevitable. It merely happens. There is a parson on hand, and the audience want to catch the last train to Brixton, so the confession is, if the colloquialism may be pardoned in connection with so high a matter as "criminology," "rushed" upon one. Moreover, Mr. Dam seems undecided whether his play is to be in class (1) or class (2) (β)—a mixing of categories which I, who have just invented them, cannot be expected to pardon. He introduces the Lecoq detective, note-book and all, and straightway we settle ourselves down for the dear old hare-and-hounds business of class (1). But, lo! the detective, instead of detecting, merely suggests to the parson that now is the time for a confession—and so we go off at a tangent into class (2) (β). Really, this is very confusing to a mind attuned, at the invitation of Mr. Dam's friends, to the pitch of the 'ologies. And, once more, where does the "criminology" come in?

The rest of the play is drawing-room melodrama—which, after all these years, is about as exciting a form of entertainment as parlour croquet. "*Diamond Deane*," in order to obtain possession of some valuable gifts intended for the mistress of the household which she has selected for the scene of her depredations, personates that lady by the simple device of borrowing her cloak and lace mantilla. This flimsy disguise—only to be permitted as a dramatic expedient in the romantic world of the Elizabethans—suffices to deceive the lady's husband, brother, and lover; and much domestic unhappiness results. Which of these three gentlemen was the most egregious idiot is a nice question that must be left—not, to be sure, for the experts in "criminology," but for the Commissioners in Lunacy to settle. Mr. Conway plays the husband with an air of abject unbelief

which seems to show that he has already settled the nice question in favour of himself. In the character of the wife, Miss Dorothy Dorr, an American actress of handsome presence and apparently (the point will be better ascertained when she is seen in a better play) of considerable histrionic endowment, makes a first appearance on the London stage.

A. B. W.

## THE WEEK.

THE DUC DE BROGLIE is apparently unwilling to submit the manuscript of TALLEYRAND'S Memoirs to critical inspection, and injurious suspicions are consequently rife in literary circles in Paris. It is openly asserted, indeed, that the greater portion of the book is the work of an artist in fiction who has sandwiched a very small quantity of TALLEYRAND between thick slices of a less conspicuous genius. This, at any rate, has been fastened on as a more likely explanation of the dulness of the Memoirs than the suggestion that TALLEYRAND designed them to be a posthumous fraud on the expectations of the public.

A REPERTORY of interesting stories of eminent people is connected with MR. CHARLES HANCOCK, the founder of the firm of jewellers in Bond Street. MR. HANCOCK was a friend of DISRAELI, and it is said that when the author of "Tancred" returned home after his first journey to the East, his sole property consisted of some Turkish pipes which the jeweller was able to sell at a hundred pounds apiece. More of MR. HANCOCK'S anecdotes will be welcome.

MR. WILLIAM SHARP, the editor of the "Canterbury Poets," is about to publish in Rome a volume of impressionist poems in a variety of blank-verse measures on the Holy City and the Agro Romano. The difficulty of mastering ordinary English blank verse, the poetic instrument of most power and greatest compass in modern times, has been the cause of many attempts at an easier unrhymed mode. SOUTHEY'S "Thalaba," LONGFELLOW'S "Hiawatha," some of MATTHEW ARNOLD'S poems, and, if we must admit the English hexameter, some of CLOUGH'S, have all been more or less successful, but no new style has yet gained general acceptance. The poetry of the past twenty-five years has been fertile in new rhymed measures, and has also been noted for the ennobling of measures which before had never risen much above doggerel. We may therefore expect something remarkable in blank verse: either the invention and establishment of an altogether untried measure, or the elevation of a measure like that of "Hiawatha" to a position with regard to the unrhymed pentameter such as octosyllabic verse bears to the heroic couplet. Although MR. SHARP has not hitherto shown much skill as a metrist, he has sufficient poetic power to excite our interest in his forthcoming volume. It is just possible that a writer who has not been more than ordinarily successful in rhyme may be best fitted to solve the blank-verse problem.

IN France there is no blank-verse problem, because there is no blank verse. Twice only, as far as we know, has the attempt been made to write unrhymed verse in the French language. COUNT BRUGUIÈRE DE SORSUM in the early part of the present century translated a number of SHAKESPEARE'S plays, rendering rhyme by rhyme, blank verse by blank verse, and prose by prose with astonishing results. For example, "Come, let me clutch thee!" a sentence from Macbeth's address to the air-drawn dagger, is expanded into "Instrument dangereux, laisse-moi te saisir!" (Dangerous tool, let

me get a hold of you!) BRUGUIÈRE DE SORSUM was better advised when he translated SOUTHEY'S "Don Roderick" into prose, a task which he undertook because he was inclined to regard SOUTHEY as the greatest poet of his age. "The changes that fleeting time procureth!"

THE other attempt to write French blank verse has been made recently, and by a lady. In "Rythmes Pittoresques" (ALPHONSE LEMERRE) MARIE KRY-SINSKA seems, however, to be aware that the attempted rhymeless verse has turned out to be rhythmical prose. "Mirages," "Symboles," "Femmes," "Contes," "Résurrections," are the subjects she treats with much freshness of feeling, the effect of which is heightened considerably by the novelty of the form.

THE secret of COWPER'S life, MR. THOMAS WRIGHT, of Olney, avers to be an "open secret," which he has discovered. He is not disposed to take much credit to himself on account of his discovery, because he is of opinion that any of COWPER'S biographers could have found it out with ordinary industry. The accepted theory of COWPER'S life seems to us to explain it so far as any man's life can be explained; his delicate health, his love for his cousin, his bachelorhood, and his unfortunate creed, prolonged those fits of despondency which are inseparable from the poetic temperament, and gradually deepened them into insanity. But we shall see what MR. WRIGHT has to reveal when he has completed the "Life of Cowper" on which he is at present engaged.

A TRANSLATION of the works of NOVALIS will be the next volume of MR. DAVID STOTT'S "Masterpieces of Foreign Authors." It will be followed by RICHTER'S "Flegeljahr," translated by MISS EDER-LAIN, and a version of some of GOLDONI'S comedies by MISS HELEN ZIMMERN.

UNDER the title of the "Westminster Library" the more important works in MESSRS. GRIFFITH, FARRAN & Co.'s "Ancient and Modern Library of Theological Literature" will be republished.

AMONG new books announced for publication shortly are "Michael Villiers, Idealist, and other Poems" (SMITH, ELDER), by MISS HICKEY; "In the Heart of the Storm" (KEGAN PAUL), by MAXWELL GRAY; "Old English Sports and Pastimes" (METHUEN), by the REV. P. H. DITCHFIELD; "The English Republic" (SWAN SONNENSCHNEIDER), essays written by MR. J. W. LINTON in a periodical of that name during 1851-55; "The Real Japan" (UNWIN), studies of contemporary Japanese manners, morals, administration, and politics, by MR. HENRY NORMAN; and a collection of 700 letters of DR. JOHNSON, of which 70 have not yet been published, edited by DR. BIRKBECK HILL.

OF the three little pamphlets, each containing a single poem by MISS FRERE, which MESSRS. METCALFE & Co., of Cambridge, have sent us, we like the one entitled "England" best. Other seven pamphlets of MISS FRERE'S "England Series" are announced; four of them are to contain twelve sonnets each. "The Temple of Fame" (GRIFFITH, FARRAN) by "GANYMEDE," a poem in the Spenserian stanza, and "Wild West Poems" (UNWIN), composed and illustrated by B. METCHIM, are published this week.

IN PROFESSOR GOLDWIN SMITH'S "Canada and the Canadian Question" (MACMILLAN) he discusses at great length the imperial and foreign relations of



the Dominion. Three appendices add to the value of the book. MR. HENRY W. DARLING writes on Banking, MR. THOMAS SHAW on Agriculture in Ontario, and MR. T. D. LEDYARD on Mining.

BOOKS of travel are always fascinating if they are at all well written, as most books of travel are, because the act of travelling seems to temper the mind for literary composition. Hence all golfers wish to write about golf, because each game is a journey. Hence it is that literary men who play golf write better than other literary men; and hence "Famous Golf Links" (LONGMANS), by H. G. HUTCHINSON, ANDREW LANG, and others, is a book with a special charm. If our reasoning be right, we may mention here another book of travels more extended than those undertaken in pursuit of a golf-ball, MR. H. DE WINDT'S "Ride to India" (CHAPMAN). MR. DE WINDT went across Persia and Baluchistan, and used his pencil to good purpose as well as his pen.

WHERE were Eurafria and Austafria? In the Pleistocene era the former occupied the site of the Mediterranean, and the latter lay to the south of a great ocean stream which flowed through the Sahara and part of Egypt. It was in Eurafria, according to the American ethnographer, DR. BRINTON, whose "Races and Peoples" has just been issued by MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL & Co., that the human race originated—somewhere in the region now occupied by Morocco, Spain, and Southern France. DR. BRINTON'S American critics, while admitting the ingenuity with which he supports this hypothesis, do not think that he has answered the arguments for an Asian origin of the human race advanced by the most eminent of European anthropologists, M. DE QUATREFAGES. We shall see what our specialists have to say about it.

MESSRS. FUNK & WAGNALLS, the American publishers who have earned such a reputation for spreading the fame of English authors in the United States without charging the authors anything, have issued an edition of "The Light of the World" with a very flattering introduction by MR. R. H. STODDARD. But who is the American poet who "has contributed lines to various portions of this poem"? Has the New York Critic misquoted MESSRS. FUNK & WAGNALLS' announcement, or are these Transatlantic lines only to be found in the American edition?

EVERYBODY will know something by this time, if not from the two handsome volumes themselves, then from copious extracts in the newspaper, of the book of the week, "A Publisher and his Friends" (MURRAY). SOUTHEY, SIR HENRY TAYLOR, and many private individuals have observed that a man's character may be estimated even more surely by the letters which his friends addressed to him, than by those which he himself penned. It is this test which DR. SMILES has applied to the great publisher, and possibly no man's character ever stood it better. The only other biographical work we have to note is a monograph on PEEL by MR. J. R. THURSFIELD, being the concluding volume of MESSRS. MACMILLAN'S "Twelve English Statesmen."

MISS MITFORD'S "Our Village" has been reprinted in a volume of the "Camelot Series," and a very fresh and charming piece of prose it still is after all these years. But its sketches of rural life suggest a somewhat melancholy contrast with our own times. In "A Country Cricket Match," MISS MITFORD gives this picture of an agricultural labourer:—"He is a man of substance in every way; owns one cow, two donkeys, six pigs, and geese and ducks beyond count

—dresses like a farmer and owes no man a shilling—and all this from pure industry, sheer day-labour." That sketch would astonish Hodge to-day.

IN two magnificent quartos MESSRS. CASSELL AND Co. have just published PROF. T. G. BONNEY'S descriptive and historical work on the "Cathedrals, Abbeys, and Churches of England and Wales." Considerably over a hundred buildings are described. Eighteen plates and a great number of woodcuts illustrate the text. It is, beyond a doubt, the handsomest book of the last few days.

It is understood that MR. TATE is the donor not only of the pictures for the National Gallery of British Art, but of the handsome gift of £80,000 to defray the cost of the building. Whilst everybody must be sensible of his munificence, it will be a grave misfortune if he should insist upon the erection of the new gallery on a site which is already appropriated to the Science Schools at South Kensington. We do so little for Science as a nation that Art can hardly begrudge any portion of that little.

To such of us as supposed that we had plumbed the genius of the late CHARLES KEENE by studying the reproductions of his works in *Punch*, the exhibition of two hundred and fifty of his pen-and-ink drawings at the Fine Art Society's galleries comes as a revelation. Some of the comic paper cuts given us were lay figures, which the artist apparently used to display the drapery of his jokes. In an original this is never so. Its most obvious attribute is the humanity of the men and women it depicts. We realise how distinctly KEENE was in the true sense a humorist and not a caricaturist. His creations are natural in the extreme, owing very little of their drollery to exaggeration. During his life KEENE, who was exquisitely modest, and perhaps hypersensitive, shrank from allowing his drawings to be used for the purposes of a "one-man" Bond Street Show, and so it happened that to the public generally his identity was greatly merged into that of *Punch*, a paper with a personality if ever there was one; but artists at home and abroad never tired of admiring and discussing his great gifts. We are somewhat startled, despite ourselves, by the technical beauties of the drawings. They have all the qualities we most admire in some of the master etchers of the day: singular directness and vigour, no useless line in the whole collection; each one worked up to just the point at which it will tell all that there is to tell, and then left untouched.

LEECH and KEENE must always stand out as the two great pictorial humorists of our day. They occupy a position in art not dissimilar to that of THACKERAY and DICKENS in literature; and their relation to each other is also very much the same as that of the great novelists. Art appeals very little to the emotions. We have yet to see the painting which shall bring tears to the spectator's eyes; but those who walk around the treble line of KEENE'S drawings are perpetually bursting into irrepressible audible guffaws. The "legend," not always KEENE'S own we are told, is the directing-post to the humour of the situation. Note the two little ragamuffins reading a placard about Police and Vaccination, and one urchin exclaiming: "What's the use o' wacc'natin' them? They never catches nuffin'."

It would be well for some budding dramatists to learn a little history. MR. CHARLES HUDSON, the author of *Father Buonaparte*, a piece produced at the Olympic,

is careful to spell the Corsican's family name in the way which has passed out of date, but in everything else he is quite reckless. For instance, at the first performance, Father Buonaparte, who is the great Napoleon's uncle, on learning that his nephew had become Emperor, supposed that Louis Philippe was the displaced monarch. A military representative of the Emperor informed the audience that Napoleon's mother was the Empress Letitia. These vagaries had nothing to do with the quality of the piece, but they might have been avoided with advantage.

BEDFORD COLLEGE for ladies, which the EMPRESS FREDERICK visited last Tuesday afternoon, and which some misguided persons locate at Bedford, was established in Bedford Square in 1849, mainly by the exertions of the late MRS. REID, not long after the sister institution, Queen's College, but on an entirely unsectarian basis. It has numbered AUGUSTUS DE MORGAN, F. W. NEWMAN, PROF. BEESLY, PROF. S. R. GARDINER, SIR STERNDAL BENNETT, and other eminent men among its teachers; MARK PATTISON and MISS ANNA SWANWICK (the translator of *ÆSCHYLUS*) among its honorary presidents; and GEORGE ELIOT, one of the two lady Senior Classics, and the lady Senior Wrangler, among its students. Except scholarships, which are not under its control, it has no endowment; but, in a modest and almost too retiring way, it has kept up a high standard of education, and pursued it with energy; and it has, no doubt, helped to pave the way for the Ladies' Colleges at Oxford and Cambridge, which it preceded by nearly five-and-twenty years.

It now possesses the best physical and chemical laboratories in London of any which are open exclusively to women students, which have just been erected by subscription at a cost of £6,500, of which £700 is still due. These form the chief part of the "Shaen Wing," so called from a former chairman of the Council, the late MR. WILLIAM SHAEN, well known among Liberal politicians as well as in the world of education. It was this that the EMPRESS FREDERICK opened on Tuesday. They ought to do good service, and may very possibly be made available to a wider circle of students than those who are regular members of the College. Germany is at least twenty years behind England in the matter of the higher education of women, and it may be hoped that the desire expressed by the Empress that such an institution may be established in the country of her adoption may be gratified at no distant date.

THE six lectures on the Co-operative Movement in Great Britain which are to be delivered by MISS BEATRICE POTTER, on Friday evenings during April and May, at University Hall, Gordon Square, will be a forecast of the volume upon which she has been for some time engaged. MISS POTTER will discuss the application of the central idea of OWEN'S "new system of society," and its economic basis, and she will go on to show that it was only when that idea became grafted upon a democratic constitution that the modern co-operative movement arose. The Christian Socialist ideal will be traced to French sources; it was, it will be indicated, adopted by the North-Country co-operators, but was never an indigenous growth, so that its failure did not involve any real weakening of the native stock. Then the lecturer will discriminate between profit-sharing and a sliding scale of wages. On the last evening she will consider the success of the Store as "a rough measure of the capacity of population for representative government," and will show the necessary coincidence between Co-operation and Trades Unionism, if the ideal of OWEN is to be attained.

THE survival of the fittest does not mean, as the popular mistake has it, the survival of the most deserving; that which is best able to live in a given environment, like the tuberculous bacillus, for example, may deserve nothing but annihilation. This law, in its strictly scientific sense, operates nowhere more relentlessly than in journalism. Not the periodical which contains well-thought and well-written articles, but the periodical which is best able to get itself sold, is the one which does not go to the wall—or rather, which does not require to be amalgamated with another periodical, for that is the polite phrase. These trite remarks are suggested by the fusion into *Dramatic and Sporting Celebrities* of the sixpenny weekly *Fashion and Sport* and the shilling monthly *Sporting Celebrities*, and by the announcement that the *Dockers' Record* is to be merged on April 4th into a new labour paper—the *Trade Unionist*.

BEGGING for books might easily become as great a bore to authors and publishers as begging for orders is to actors and theatre managers. If we had space we would quote in its entirety a letter printed as a warning to the soft-hearted in the current number of the *Publishers' Circular*. It reads like a specimen of "Baboo English," and sets forth the literary hunger for "the good English religious works" of one who is "too much poor, alas! (with my meagre salary of £72 yearly, and my numerous family of seven children) in order to buy them, at least to the regular price." The writer concludes: "Please apologise my very importunate request, and believe I am ever yours very faithful servant."

THE award of the silver medal of the Zoological Society to the two Shetland lairds who have preserved the skua gull from the fate of the great auk is a well-deserved acknowledgment which will prove a useful precedent during the next half-century. What with the partition of Africa, the spread of cultivation everywhere, the fashions in ladies' dress, and, perhaps, most of all, the spread of adaptable varieties like the sparrow and the brown rat, many species must soon disappear unless artificially protected. Sport may preserve big game, as it preserves the elk in Lithuania and the bouquetin in the Italian Alps, and as, in Brittany, the country gentlemen, whose duty it is to kill the wolves, take very good care not to get rid of them all. But the American bison is practically gone, the giraffe is said to be going, many of the beautiful native birds in the United States flee before the persistent and polygamous sparrow, and railway enterprise in Argentina will probably soon make an end of the ostrich of South America. Yet, there are not many species that science (or, for that matter, art either) can afford to lose. Is it too much to hope that the Chartered Companies in Africa will set apart zoological parks, where big game and birds may continue to live in a state of nature?

#### THE INSPIRED DETECTIVE.

HIS grave lies between two hills, under the northern windows of a rain-soaked and neglected church. The stone, which is of slate and leans askew, gives his name as Ichabod Prowse, adding merely the dates of his birth and death with the usual "Affliction sore long time he bore," etc. This does him less than justice.

The hamlet in which he was born (prematurely), and bore his affliction for seventy-two years, straggles up the hill above the church and ends in a forsaken road running along the shoulder of a high down, which it scars like a half-healed cut. Beside the road, for some way a few narrow acres have been reclaimed from the down and put into tillage: and you will do



well to count these fields as you go and stop by the gate of the sixth, if the time be broad day. Its two posts were sawn from the gibbets of two brothers, John and Paul Tippet, hanged on the down above: and at midnight exchange groans, loosening the joints of the casual wayfarer.

Down in the hamlet, to this day, events are not dated from the birth of Christ, but from the day the Tippets were hanged on Landry Down. Ichabod Prowse was born in the year 27 *ante* Tippets. He attended the execution with glee and immense pride—for it was he that had brought about the hanging. And when all was over he stepped up to the corpses and touched them, to cure himself of the fits that had troubled him from birth.

On the morning of his birth, his father had trudged off to Herodswater as usual, to work in the powder-mill that stood there. Ten minutes before noon, a dull shock made the valley tremble, shaking the birds out of their trees, smashing the crockery throughout the hamlet, jerking a dozen slates off the church roof—the gap has never been repaired—and breaking the sign-board of the “Indian Prince” Inn from one of its two hooks, so that, for a few days after, it hung more like a hatchment than an invitation to drink. The shock was followed, at a distance of twelve seconds, by a muffled roar resembling thunder: but the sky was clear. It was a full two minutes more before the birds resumed their interrupted singing, and by this time the house-wives were out at their doors, discussing the portent and gazing up the hill-side, over which tremor and the rumble had broken like two waves.

Twenty minutes later, a boy came running and shouting as he ran. The powder-mill at Herodswater had blown up, scattering five men in atoms. One of these was Ichabod’s father: and at six in the evening Ichabod was born.

His mother lived to give him the care he needed: for he was an epileptic, and a born natural.

She, poor woman, did all in her power; consulted the local doctor and the local “peller,” or white witch; carried the child thrice round the church one midnight, then entered and knelt with him by the communion rails—a brave feat for a superstitious woman; cut off the head of her Minorea cock and buried the body in her garden path, where the first fit had taken the boy; killed a toad and hung its hind-leg in a little bag round his neck. But it came to nothing.

When Ichabod was fifteen she tried another plan: took him to church on Easter Sunday and, when service was over, waited with him outside the porch—a thin, faded woman, in black skirt and shawl, clutching a boy whose trembling was the more dreadful because he had outgrown his age. She made him hold forth his hand and collect thirty pence from the congregation as it filed out. Then she led him round to the vestry where Parson Hambly and Abe, the parish clerk, were just preparing to empty the money-box: for there had been an offertory that day.

“I want half-a-crown’s worth of the holy silver,” she explained, holding out her handful of pence.

“And who d’ye think offers the Lord silver money in this God-forsaken parish?” the parson asked. “If ’tis a brace-button you want, belike I can accommodate you, easy,” he added grimly.

“Farmer Truscott put in a n’arf-crown,” the clerk interrupted. “I’ll own it sounds like a lie, but I see’d en do it. Thinks I, holdin’ the box, ‘O world o’ marvels, wherein such things befall! I’ll wager my hat you’m doin’ this by mistake for a penny-piece’, an’ was near sayin’ ‘look alive, man!—do’ee realize?’ But I didn’t: an’ the ’arf-crown’s in the box, safe as eggs.”

The box being opened, Abe’s statement was confirmed: One half-crown shone in the small pile of coppers. So Ichabod’s mother acquired it for her thirty pence and had it beaten into a flat ring, which Ichabod wore day and night. But it did him no

good. “I suppose it’s because ’twas put in by mistake,” said the woman, and tramped up to Truscott’s farm, to make sure.

“Lord bless my soul!” said the farmer, when she put her question; “so *that’s* what came to it. I couldn’t sleep for a week wonderin’ about that piece o’ silver, and had the house spring-cleaned twice over, to hunt for’t.”

The woman sighed. It was not likely that a coin offered to holy uses by mistake would cure her son. Then, like a true woman, she went off on another tack without hesitating a second.

“Farmer, you know my son. He bain’t such a slap-bang fool as he looks, an’ I’ve been reckonin’ that he’d do very well to tend pigs an’ do odd work. You’d get en cheap, too, by reason of his foolishness.”

Farmer Truscott cocked an ear, put his head on one side, and considered. There was sense in that last suggestion. Having turned the matter over, he offered three shillings a week for Ichabod’s services, and was screwed up at last to four-and-sixpence.

So the epileptic served the farmer for twelve years, and by learning to do dairy-work as well as any woman, was earning twelve shillings a week by the end of that time. Meanwhile, his master waxed rich and gave no more to the offertory, having to recover his half-crown with the interest thereon, which he had nicely calculated.

Then his career ended sharply and tragically.

He was riding home, one Saturday night, with a bag of thirty sovereigns in his breast-pocket: for he had been selling sheep at Tregarick market. At the foot of Rosmeer hill (within a mile of home), where the elms grow pretty thick on either side of the way, his mare came down abruptly in the midst of a steady trot, and pitched him clean over her ears. She had caught her forelegs in a wire stretched taut across the road about a foot from the ground.

Truscott was picking himself up in a dazed state when a thick cudgel fell across his temples and killed him on the spot.

The mare reached home, sweating as if she had been pisky-ridden. Mrs. Truscott had gone to bed by this time: but she and the servants were roused by John Tippet, the hind, with dreadful news. John said he had lit his lantern and was going across the town-place to the chail, to take a look at the Alderney that was near her calving, when he heard a horse gallop down the lane and pull up at the yard gate. Running to see what the matter was, he found the old grey, riderless and mucked with sweat.

After giving the alarm in the house he went off to knock up his unmarried brother Paul, Truscott’s waggoner, and Ichabod Prowse. The three started off with lanterns and found the farmer where he fell. “To think o’ ‘Lawyer’ Truscott bein’ pitched by th’ old mare that he’d a-ridden fifteen year’!” commented John Tippet.

Ichabod began to whimper. “You must carry en. I can’t touch a dead body. Aw, aw! Be it stark stiff or warm?”

“Warm an’ limp.” The two brothers hoisted the heavy corpse, and Ichabod dashed off with a howl to carry the tidings.

Mrs. Truscott moaned and rocked herself in her chair. At last she looked up and asked, “was there any money in his pockets?” She was told “nothing but some odd shillings in his breeches and an empty bag in his breast pocket.” “Then,” said she, “he’s been murdered”; and crying “Murder, murder!” once or twice, went off into hysterics.

Ichabod stole out to look at the mare. He found a light in the stable and Paul Tippet inside washing her knees down.

“That’s a queer cut, too,” said Ichabod.

The other went on washing, not lifting his head.

“What do you know about it?”

“Well, I’ve tumbled an’ rolled more than most

folks, an' in most kinds of places," the epileptic answered; "but I've never been cut like that, in my born days. An' I've fallen out of a waggon, but never to break my head 'pon *two* sides, like the farmer."

"What's o' no worth tumbles light."

"Iss. I reckon God hardens the ground to the monied man."

The jury at the inquest gave an open verdict and Truscott was buried; but the excitement in the hamlet showed no signs of dying down. Constables walked over from Tregarriek and kept it alive; they had assured themselves that the dead man carried a good sum of money when he started to ride homewards. John and Paul Tippet were pretty straitly questioned and gave satisfactory answers. Ichabod, too, had the honour of being interrogated, and wore an important air on the strength of it. But the investigation elicited nothing of value. Gold is not easily traced.

By a process of exhaustion the villagers at last began to suspect the Tippets. They were the only men living close by whose movements at the time of the murder were not known for certain. Paul was a bachelor, and might be out at any hour and nobody the wiser; while John's account of the circumstances under which he came to let in the grey mare was plausible enough, but rested on probability alone.

Under this suspicion (which they guessed, no doubt) the two brothers comported themselves very differently. John went about his work with his usual phlegm. Paul assumed a careless demeanour, and began to drink rather heavily: he pretended to heed nothing when his companions down at the "Indian Prince" edged away a bit along the settle as he entered.

On Saturday evening, exactly two months after the farmer's death, Ichabod having picked up his week's wage and seen John Tippet start off to count the sheep in the twenty-acred field, loafed down to the "Indian Prince" and turned in for a pint. Paul Tippet was sitting there, well advanced in liquor and listening with a bland smile to the discussion. It ran on the usual topic. Ichabod dropped into a place and prepared to join in.

"Well," he said at last, "I was one of the first to witness the freezin' sight, as the law well knows—"

"An' so you've said a score o' times," put in a voice.

Paul Tippet gave an insolent laugh. "The poor maygame he was, naybours! 'Don't let me touch en,' he called; 'I can't abide a dead body!' an' began to squeal like a babby."

"Don't make a mock of a maygame," Ichabod retorted; "you may be struck comical yoursel', one day." With this he lapsed into silence and let the talk run on.

But as he sat an inspiration—a splendid notion—came into his weak brain.

He finished his pint, gave the company "good-evenin'" and slouched out, picking up, as he went, the scrap of chalk used for writing up scores on the door.

In the passage he beckoned to Phoebe, the tap-girl.

"My dear," he whispered, "come out to the pump wi' me."

"Why?"

"I want 'ee to pump on my head."

"Law! You bain't so drunk as all that, Icey."

Ichabod chuckled. "Not by a long sight. I be only a fool, as you shall see: but you must pump over me."

They went out to the pump, and Ichabod kept his head under the spout till it was wringing wet.

"Now do I look sweaty?" he asked, and without waiting for the answer, dried his face and began to rub it all over with chalk.

"What gashly trick be this?" Phoebe inquired, thoroughly frightened.

Ichabod dropped the chalk, turned and ran into

the inn like a madman. He burst the tap-room door open and broke in on the drinkers with a shout—

"*He've a-told all! He've a-told all!*"

The company turned, and among them Paul Tippet staggered up, white as Ichabod's painted face confronting him.

"What," he gasped—"what did 'a say?"

"'A says 'twas you that struck the blow, while he looked on."

"Then he's a cruel liar—for he struck it hissel'. I'll swear 'twas him that struck it—"

And next moment Paul Tippet was down on his knees pouring out the confession that got him hanged beside his brother within the next month.

Q.

## LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

### "CYCLISTS AND ROAD-RACING."

SIR,—I should like to make a few remarks on Mr. and Mrs. Pennell's letter in your last issue. They say that you champion road-racing instead of denouncing it, but I fail to see that the article does more than record the fact that it is tolerated by the police, and that it is less offensive when practised at a distance from the metropolis and on unfrequented roads. The statement that road-races are promoted by makers is utterly untrue, and I challenge Mr. and Mrs. Pennell to prove their statement. It has been so in two or three instances in the past, but all the important road-races are now held under the auspices of the largest and most influential clubs in the kingdom. As to the "mere handful of clubs," this is simply nonsense, since nearly every club of any consequence has its road trial of some sort or other, including the oldest and most respectable London clubs. With regard to the last statement of your correspondent's about amateurs connected with the trade, I feel called upon to state, as one of the riders mentioned, that, as far as I know, not one of the path-riders was, up to the end of last season, connected with the trade, and I can also say the same of Messrs. Holbein, Dangerfield, and C. A. Smith. In conclusion, let me advise Mr. Joseph Pennell to confine his attention to that branch of the sport with which he has a practical acquaintance—namely, touring—and leave the discussion of racing matters to those who understand them.—I am, Yours, etc.,

B. W. CRUMP.

Cambridge University and London Bicycle Clubs.  
March 18th, 1891.

## A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,  
Thursday, March 26th, 1891.

THE ingenious gentleman who, in a recent number of THE SPEAKER, argued that the best biographies were written by persons who had never known the men the story of whose lives they sought to tell, was not without some reason for his faith. In English literature there are one or two notable books of this kind, of which John Forster's "Life of Goldsmith" may be regarded as a fair instance. The misfortune is that whilst we can admire these books as pieces of literature, and whilst we can appreciate the picture drawn in their pages, we can never be quite certain that the portrait presented to us is a real one. The real Goldsmith, for example, was probably something very different from the Goldsmith of Forster's delightful tale; just as the real George Stephenson was not quite the George Stephenson with whom we are made acquainted in Dr. Smiles's edifying pages.

As a matter of fact, personal knowledge seems to have been an important element in the construction of most of the best biographies in the English language. I suppose public opinion will hardly be divided as to the best "Lives" in our mother tongue. Putting them in their chronological order is also placing them in their order of merit: Boswell's Johnson, Lockhart's Scott, Mrs. Gaskell's Charlotte Brontë, Trevelyan's Macaulay, and Froude's Carlyle. In each of these cases the biographer had intimate personal knowledge of the subject of the biography. Of "Lives" of the second order of merit we have



enough and to spare, and in these cases also it is notable that those which have made the deepest impression upon readers at the time of their appearance, as, for example, Stanley's *Life of Arnold*, have been written from personal knowledge.

But there is another question of more immediate interest than that of the personal acquaintance of the biographer with his subject, which deserves attention. "How soon after a man's death ought his *Life*—supposing it to be worth writing—to be published?" We have had some complaints, of late, of an "indecent haste" on the part of the biographer; but I do not think it is the average reader who complains of this haste. He likes to get his biographies fresh as it were from the easel of the portrait painter. He has to pay for this eagerness on his part; for no man dare tell the full truth about anyone who has died recently. A hundred good stories must be omitted, out of consideration for the feelings of the living. The book when it appears is at the best imperfect. And yet one would rather have imperfection and freshness than a stale completeness. Mr. Gladstone once stated to the present writer that he thought thirty years was the proper period which ought to elapse between a man's death and the appearance of his biography. One can see at once that if this idea were to be generally accepted, very few "*Lives*" would be written at all, for few indeed are the reputations that can survive, without the assistance of the biographer, for such a space of time as thirty years. The book-buyer whose shelves are overcrowded, the critic who finds himself overworked, would doubtless rejoice if Mr. Gladstone's notion became the rule; but probably few other persons would do so.

For a *Life* which has been embalmed as it were for thirty or forty years, is generally more or less mummified when it is again brought to light. The gossip which is so profoundly interesting to the men and women of 1891, the hints which afford strange and unexpected glimpses of the characters of our contemporaries, or which explain passing events the real nature of which has puzzled us, will be dry and meaningless reading for the public of 1921. One or two of the men and women of to-day will of course interest that generation which is now in its cradle. But none of us can pretend to say who of this passing day will seem to our descendants to have been the most conspicuous and interesting personages; whilst they, on their part, supposing the hand of the biographer were suddenly to be stayed, would be robbed of the opportunity of knowing the men and women who seem to their contemporaries to be the best worth remembering. Here are the *Talleyrand Memoirs* to point the moral that in biography delay is dangerous. What world-stirring secrets were supposed to be hidden away in those precious volumes! What revelations we were bidden to look for when at last the door was opened, and we were brought face to face with the real life of the arch-intriguer! And how stale and flat and unprofitable it all seems to be, now that at last we have it in our hands!

Let us take warning, and no longer cherish the delusion that a man's memoirs will improve, like good port, with age. And that brings me to the point I wish specially to make in these rambling remarks. There are certain "*Lives*" which are now as much over-due as a ship that has been six months in crossing the Atlantic. We want them; we have been wanting them for years past; and the question I desire respectfully to put to those who are responsible for the delay in their appearance, is "How much longer shall we have to wait?"

Why, for example, have we not got in our hands the interesting story of the life of the first Lord Durham? What good reading the tale of his Cana-

dian experiences would be at this moment, when so many problems connected with our Western Colonies are pressing for a solution! And why are we not to have a real *Life of Lord Melbourne*—one which would give us a picture of that remarkable man in his home-life, and in his intimate personal relations with Sovereigns, statesmen, and men and women of fashion? Both about Melbourne and Peel many books have been written. But where have we the full and complete portrait of either drawn by a competent hand, and how much longer must we wait for it?

Thackeray's *Life*, we are told, is not to be written. Of Dickens we may read in the three handsome octavo volumes which the late John Forster devoted to the record of his own performance of the part of Guardian Angel to the author of "*Pickwick*." But we are told to be content in the case of Thackeray with such poor stuff as the little books by Trollope and Merivale. And yet how well his *Life* would repay the telling! How admirable are those letters of his which have found their way into print, or which are cherished by those who still recall the tall upright figure, the silvery hair, the shrewd searching glance, the mouth half-kindly half-satirical, the voice clear, penetrating, and refined, of the man to whom we owe "*Esmond*"! He was not the least striking figure among the men of letters of his time; he was one of the links between Society and Bohemia; like a magnet he drew towards himself all manner of notable men and women; and he had one of those complex, many-sided characters the full revelation of which demands a careful and complete study of his whole life. Yet we are told that we must wait for Thackeray's *Life*—until perchance there is none left who can tell the story aright.

Dean Stanley's *Life* has been so often announced, we have heard so much year after year of the labour involved in it, and of the point to which it had advanced, that we may be forgiven if at last we begin to doubt whether we are ever to see it at all. It will be welcome when it comes; but it would have been yet more welcome if it had come some years earlier, before the ranks of Stanley's personal friends had been thinned by the Fate that is not to be denied.

And Disraeli—why are we to wait for his *Life*? Stafford Northcote and Forster began their public career long after he began his; both survived him, and both have had the story of their lives told with sufficient fulness and detail. But Disraeli still waits; and now, for want of that full personal narrative which we expect from a biographer, his figure, surely the most remarkable of all the figures that have flitted across the stage of public life, is beginning to fade away, like an unfixed photograph; and the memory of his thousand quips and sallies of wit and sardonic humour is only kept alive in the after-dinner talk of a generation which has already fallen upon the sere and yellow leaf of old-fogeydom. Doubtless he can afford to bide his time better than most men; but his *Life*, if written now, would contain many a life-giving touch that will be impossible in that remote future when the thirty-six boxes now stowed away in the strong-room of the Rothschilds are at last brought to light.

What biographer who only comes to deal with the great leader of the Tory party as an historical character, will dare to think of him as "*Dizzy*," or will venture to strike the key-note of his personal life by telling how, when he first met his old friend and companion James Clay, after he had been made Prime Minister in 1868, he raised his hands, and with the chuckle that is now almost forgotten, cried, "*My God, Jem! What a game!*" These are the touches which the historical biographer, who undertakes his task thirty years after his subject has been confined,

cannot give to his work; and yet without them it is a carefully painted mummy, not a living image, which he produces.

My space is filled, or I would fain have said something of Mr. Bright, another of the men whose Lives have yet to be written. In his case also personal knowledge and contemporary observation are indispensable to the painting of that real picture lacking which a biography is but a mausoleum. R.

## REVIEWS.

### DEAN CHURCH AND THE OXFORD MEN.

THE OXFORD MOVEMENT: TWELVE YEARS, 1833—1845. By R. W. Church, M.A., D.C.L.; sometime Dean of St. Paul's, and Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

IN this almost posthumous legacy of the late Dean Church, we have another addition to what may be described as the personal literature of "the Oxford Movement." The book is welcome were it only as a means of making us feel as if a singularly just and beautiful mind were still active amidst us. But the book has another and more historical interest; here we see the movement, the men who made it and the men who resisted it, reflected in a clear and observant eye, sketched by a graphic and graceful hand. Dean Church seemed to be marked out as its historian. His undergraduate life began with it; his academic career culminated in the famous vetoing act of the proctors, which he so well describes on pp. 330—331, modestly concealing his own distinguished part therein. He knew, as only a reverent and loving yet discriminating disciple can know, all the leaders of the movement save Hurrell Froude, and him he saw through the eyes of the men that loved him. To Liddon was committed the life of Pusey; fitly so, for he did not know the movement in the days of Newman's reign—knew it only when Pusey held the helm and guided the deserted ship through the breakers and out of the storm. But Dean Church's Oxford memories were all of the years of Newman's ascendancy. He is at once the hero and the victim of this volume. Other men appear, awaken him, help him, oppose him, prepare his opportunity, frustrate his designs; but his is the will that here struggles with destiny. His conversion is the birth of the movement, his desertion is "the catastrophe." All through we are made to feel this—had Newman been better understood and more trusted; had the Liberals comprehended the new spirit, or the bishops grasped the situation and taken occasion by the hand; had the Heads of Houses been less infatuated and foolish, and the University more honestly earnest about religion—then the splendid genius of Newman might have been saved to the English Church, and the one event which has touched all the wonderful successes of the Anglican revival with failure, and even now darkens them with the shadow of possible disaster, might have been prevented, and instead the victory through the Church of all the Church has lost been secured. But it is often happier, alike for Church and State, that human dreams of the might-have-been are not realised.

One of the finest and truest elements in this book is the way it emphasises the moral purpose, the religious veracity, the whole-hearted and whole-minded conviction of the Fathers of the movement. Dean Church is full of the memories of those twelve years when the men he loves were charged with dishonesty, deceit, treacherous designs, disingenuous concealment of beliefs and purposes, with being mischievous and misguided "Oxford malignants." He insists that deeper than everything else was the love of holiness, the desire in an age of unreality to deal with religion as the most real and most awful of all things. No doubt it was so; without such a spirit

no religious movement ever has been or ever could be made to live. But this spirit is the last thing its opponents ever credit it with. The Tractarians were, indeed, hardly judged, but it was not a day of charitable judgments, and what they got they gave. No more partial or partisan body of men ever pursued, or professed to pursue, historical inquiries. Their reign in the region of history was for their own and even for our generation, fatal to the scientific spirit; it is only now slowly beginning to try to be. Into all that concerns the primitive Church, the Reformation, the seventeenth century, they carried the methods, the polemics, and the antipathies of the hour, and when a side has been fiercely taken in such a field and manifold injustices perpetrated, it is hardly possible for even the quietest worker to keep clear of the fray. Hence, what the opponents felt was not so much the spirit that inspired the men as the method of warfare they followed; and so they answered the method by misconstruing the spirit. Now that both can be seen in the perspective of history, both can be judged more fairly. The conflict was embittered by being at once so much a literary and academic conflict. By virtue of the first, it was urged under forms that enabled the written to bite more deeply than the spoken word; by virtue of the second, its arena was so circumscribed that the religious became mixed up with personal questions, and were thus lowered and fretted by multiplied pettinesses. All the recent literature, with its zealous apologetic, its multitudinous conscious and unconscious revelations, has only contributed to make this more manifest, that while the movement was in source and motive religious, it was in form archaeological, imitative—an academic effort to realise a past imperfectly explored and defined. Devotion to ideals is a noble thing, though it does not always follow that the ideals are as noble as the devotion.

This book abounds in many delicate yet clear-cut sketches, both of friends and foes. Keble appears "a strong Tory," "a brilliant University scholar," "an old-fashioned English Churchman, with great veneration for the Church and its bishops, and a great dislike of Rome, Dissent, and Methodism, but with a quick heart." How the man lives in a saying like this: "Froude, you thought Law's 'Serious Call' was a clever book; it seemed to me as if you had said the Day of Judgment will be a pretty sight." Hurrell Froude, "the bright, the beautiful," is lovingly described, yet with a keen sense of some of his more obvious limitations, "an Englishman to the back-bone," yet an Englishman with a hectic fever in his veins, who had "turned his thoughts on that desolate wilderness, his own conscience, and said what he saw there." Isaac Williams is seen serving the movement by the "moderate and unobtrusive way of religious teaching," yet by "curious fate dragged into the front ranks of the fray, and singled out as almost the most wicked and dangerous of the Tractarians." Charles Marriott is the *vir pietate gravis*, quaint, scholarly, hospitable, charitable, accessible to all, and helpful to many. Pusey is seen, the scholar, statesman, counsellor, friend, always equal to an emergency, with his soul always possessed in patience; while every page is filled by the always felt, though not always perceived, presence of the great leader, who divides and sifts, attracts or repels all hearts. On the other hand, the men who hindered or diverted the movement are painted, "warts and all." W. G. Ward, who did so much to force the hand of Newman and turn the Anglican into a Roman revival, is exhibited as "a mixture of jauntiness and seriousness," "a great musical critic, and an admirable buffo singer," whose "personal clumsiness set off the vivacity and nimbleness of his joyous moods." The "always ingenious Whately" is gibbeted on his own invention, the attempt to change "Tractarian" into "Tractite," and appears whispering away the character of the movement as propagating "a secret infidelity," or a "pestilence" whose only parallel was "Indian



Thuggee." Hampden appears as cold, shallow, incapable of understanding the issues, capable of "a revenge" that "was not noble." Blanco White flits here and there like a malign and restless spirit, whose mission was to show the evil of breaking with an established system and entering on a voyage of exploration. But the severest things are reserved for the muddled and obstinate Heads; "they were blind and dull as tea-table gossips as to what was the meaning of the movement"; "in their apathy, in their self-satisfied ignorance, in their dullness of apprehension and forethought, the authorities of the University let pass the great opportunity of their time." "Perhaps they were bewildered. But they must have the blame, the heavy blame, which belongs to all those who, when good is before them, do not recognise it according to its due measure." "They attacked and condemned the Tractarian teaching at once violently and ignorantly." It is no duty of ours to defend these bewildered Heads, for it belonged to their function as Heads not to be bewildered. But this much may be said in extenuation: the system was more to blame than the men. It was precisely the sort of system that men could hardly administer without becoming blind. And the system had been created by those men of the seventeenth century the Tractarians most loved to glorify. The policy of Laud had sacrificed the University to the colleges, so making the narrower control and command the larger factor of academic thought and life. The policy of the later Stuarts had cut off the University from the wholesome and progressive intellectual activities of the collective people, and from free and generous intercourse with the great and learned Universities of Europe, whose goodly fellowship, marked by frequent interchange of scholars and teachers, Oxford and Cambridge, in their happier days, had enjoyed. The policy of exclusion proved a policy of enfeeblement and decay. An academic body in ecclesiastical bonds can only expand by bursting its bonds, but the Heads were there expressly to prevent the bonds being burst. The whole system was designed for the purpose of making the University a machine for the enforcement of uniformity, and so the statesmanship of its authorities was to resist change, which under a freer and more reasonable system they would have been bound to welcome. And as the system blinded the Heads, it determined both the form and issue of the movement. Dean Church has well sketched what may be termed the positive conditions of its being—the men who began it as affected by the politics and ecclesiastical temper of the period of Catholic Emancipation and the first Reform Bill; but he has said nothing of what may be termed the negative conditions—the forces that did not act, though they ought to have been present to act, on the minds and consciences of the men. If there had been more and wider learning in Oxford, if it had been an opener and less isolated home of intellectual activities, the movement would not have been so imitative, so local and tentative, so uncertain and shifting in its standards, as it was; it would have been no less religious, but larger, more historical, less Anglican, less Mediæval, ultimately less Roman, but through and through more primitive, more Catholic, more Christian. It was in the strictest of all senses a sectional movement tending towards a more accentuated sectarianism. It clothed its religious zeal in an ecclesiastical ideal, and its ambition was to revive the Church through a polity rather than to restore religion.

We feel that Dean Church has done us this inestimable service—he has placed us at the right point of view for the criticism of the men who made the movement. We do not feel that he has in the same degree succeeded with the men who opposed it. The wheel has indeed come full cycle round; and if it was hard, perhaps impossible, during those twelve years, to get justice done to the Tractarians, the difficulty or impossibility is now on the other side. But

he who has gone through the literature of the period will know that intellectual frivolity, speech without knowledge, harsh judgments without justifying evidence, were sins more common to both than peculiar to either. We are glad to have heard so sincere and eloquent a voice from within the one camp; it is hopeless now to expect to hear a similar voice from within the other. But what is possible is, by such knowledge of the literature as only the patient student can gain, to place the movement in relation to the whole intellectual and religious history of the time, and so to find a wider and juster philosophy of it than was within the reach of so generous and critical a friend as the late Dean of St. Paul's.

#### JOHN ERICSSON.

THE LIFE OF JOHN ERICSSON. By William Conant Church. Two vols. Illustrated. London: Sampson Low & Co.

THE life of a great inventor is interesting from two distinct points of view. We may dwell with pride upon the genius of the man, his triumphs over matter, and the economic results of his labours; or we may add to our knowledge of the great history of human error by studying the forces which obstructed his progress, the unreason, blind prejudice, or want of imagination against which he was called upon to struggle. Few inventors have left a deeper mark upon their age than John Ericsson; certainly few have met with greater difficulties and discouragements. The Scandinavian race has stamped the instincts of the sailor upon many peoples, and to that race the world fitly owes the brain which played a great part in conferring upon mankind the rule of the sea. It was a far cry from the little wooden homestead amidst the silent forests of Vermland, where Ericsson was born in 1803, to New York, where he laboured for forty-five years; and the career which began with a model saw-mill made with "a gimlet and a jack-knife," led to the revolution of ship propulsion and a new departure in the design of vessels of war.

The great engineering work of the Göta Canal, on which Ericsson's father was employed, brought the boy at an early age into contact with men well able to satisfy his thirst for knowledge. At fourteen he was directing the labour of six hundred Swedish troops, and nothing could have been better suited to develop genius and self-reliance than the somewhat irregular training of these early years. To a friend, who regretted that he had not graduated at a technological institute, he wrote:—"Had I taken a course at such an institution, I should have acquired such a belief in authorities that I should never have been able to develop originality and make my own way in physics and mechanics." The glamour of Napoleon's career seems for a time to have fallen upon Ericsson's imagination, and at seventeen he entered the Jemtland Field Chasseurs as ensign, "inspired," as he wrote to his mother, "with an undying love for the military profession." It was inevitable that a wider field than that offered in the Swedish army must soon be sought; but the six years of soldiering were not thrown away. Young Ericsson became an expert surveyor, found time for experiments of various kinds, taught himself engraving, projected a book on canal engineering, and acquired a knowledge of artillery which was destined to be turned to unexpected account. In May, 1826, "with a thousand crowns in his pocket and a substitute for the steam-engine among his luggage," he arrived in England. The failure of the "Flame Engine" proved the turning-point of Ericsson's life. He was driven to seek employment as an engineer, and though a complimentary commission of captain was conferred upon him in 1827, his connection with the Swedish army ended.

Inventions of various kinds followed his arrival in England in quick succession, with varied success. The Atlantic was first crossed by a steamship (*The Savannah*) in 1819, and seven years later

the steam fleet of Great Britain numbered 200 vessels. Ericsson's genius at once turned to the development of the marine engine, and a system of artificial draught, as well as a tubular boiler and a surface condenser, quickly made their appearance. The miserable appliances for extinguishing fires suggested to his "enthusiastic mind that a steam fire-engine was certain of immediate adoption"; but, although the experimental engine of 1829 bears the most striking resemblance to the machines in universal use to-day, and fully proved its powers at the burning of the Argyle Rooms, the London Fire Brigade remained unconvinced of the advantages of the invention for thirty-one years. It was Ericsson's first experience of the force of "official inertia and prejudice." The Rainhill trial of locomotives in 1829 called forth from his brain the "Novelty" (planned and built in seven weeks) which on one occasion attained a speed of fifty miles an hour; but defects showed themselves, due probably to hasty manufacture, the boiler burst, and the locomotive was withdrawn. The prize was thus awarded to Stephenson's "Rocket;" but the *Times* recognised the "superiority of the principle on which the 'Novelty' is constructed," and there is no doubt that Ericsson's conception was considerably in advance of that of his successful rival. No one can claim the invention of the locomotive; but the great Swede contributed a full share to its triumphs. Before 1833 Ericsson was engaged in investigating submerged propellers, and the *Francis B. Ogden*, fitted with his patent screw, was launched in the Thames early in 1837. A few months later the *Ogden* was lashed alongside a barge freighted with all the wisdom and science of the Admiralty, which was thus conveyed at ten miles an hour to Limehouse and back. The incident would be amusing but for its serious aspects. Ericsson "had carefully prepared plans of his new mode of propulsion, which were spread on the damask cloth of the magnificent barge;" but the directing genius of the Admiralty "did not appear to take the slightest interest in his explanations. . . . On parting, Sir Charles Adams (the First Lord), with a sympathising air," thanked the inventor for "this interesting experiment," and shortly afterwards a letter arrived stating that "their lordships had been very much 'disappointed at the results.'" Considering that no paddle-wheeler of the same size had ever approached these results, this verdict was sufficiently remarkable; but the mystery was afterwards explained by Sir W. Symmonds, who innocently remarked at a dinner party that "even if the propeller had the power of propelling a vessel, it would be found altogether useless in practice, because, the power being applied at the stern, it would be absolutely impossible to make the vessel steer." This was the dictum of one of the potentates who had actually been propelled and steered along the difficult highway of the Thames. His was possibly the class of mind for the benefit of which miracles may be required. The cost to the country of the invincible prejudice of the Admiralty officials cannot now be estimated. The failure to obtain any recognition for the invention brought the firm of Braithwaite to bankruptcy and sent Ericsson to the Fleet for a time; but other results were to follow. Captain Stockton, of the United States Navy, who chanced to be in England, undertook a trip on the Thames in the *Ogden*, without the "damask cloth," and saw enough to induce him to order at once two screw-boats. "I do not want," he said, "the opinion of your scientific men; what I have seen this day satisfies me." Persuaded by Stockton that the United States Government would test the propeller on a large scale, Ericsson resigned the post of engineer of the Eastern Counties Railway, and arrived in New York in November, 1839. The United States officials do not appear to have been much more open-minded than the Board of Admiralty, and the *Princeton*, the first screw-ship of war, was not completed till February, 1844. Meanwhile, however, the new propeller quickly found favour for canal and

lake navigation. In 1843, the French Government ordered the *Pomone* frigate to be fitted with a screw; and, in the following year, the Admiralty was constrained to follow suit with the *Amphion*. It is remarkable that in the design of the *Princeton* Ericsson placed the engines entirely below water, and protected them with coal, thus fulfilling the conditions of a modern cruiser.

The success of the *Princeton* quickly revolutionised steam navigation; and subsequent advances have been in the direction of improving the efficiency of engines rather than that of the screw. The following years were devoted mainly to the development of the "caloric" principle, and although the steamer *Ericsson*, with her huge cylinders (fourteen feet in diameter), proved a practical failure, the small hot-air motors were largely adopted.

In 1854, actuated by the wish to secure "the destruction of the fleets of the hereditary enemy" of Sweden, Ericsson sent to Napoleon III. the drawing of a monitor. The project was too revolutionary to receive acceptance, and the Emperor considered "that the result to be obtained would not be proportionate to the expense or to the small number of guns which could be brought into use." Thus the idea slumbered till the outbreak of the Civil War gave to the inventor an opportunity he was quick to realise. Mr. Mallory, the Confederate Secretary of the Navy, who possessed much more insight than Mr. Welles, wrote in May, 1861:—"Inequality of numbers may be compensated by invulnerability, and thus not only does economy, but naval success, dictate the wisdom and expediency of fighting with iron against wood without regard to first cost." This opinion was promptly followed up by action, and the conversion of the *Merrimac* into an ironclad was at once commenced, Mr. Welles responding with a request for a Board, which in September, 1861, frankly confessed themselves to be "distrustful of our ability to discharge this duty . . . having no experience, and but scant knowledge in this branch of naval architecture." Meanwhile, however, Ericsson had pressed his plans upon President Lincoln, who, unlike Napoleon III., remarked: "It strikes me there's something in it." The story of the building of the *Monitor* reads like a Jules Verne romance. The vessel was completed within one hundred working days, and was estimated by Isaac Newton, her first engineer, to contain "at least forty patentable contrivances." Meanwhile, the *Virginia*, née *Merrimac*, had made her debut, destroying the *Cumberland* and *Congress* off Fort Monroe, and Mr. Stanton, who appears to have completely lost his head, stated at a Cabinet meeting:—"The *Merrimac* will change the whole character of the war; she will destroy *seriatim* every naval vessel; she will lay all the cities on the seaboard under contribution . . . I have no doubt that the monster is at this moment on her way to Washington, and, not unlikely, we shall have a shell or a cannon ball from one of her guns in the White House before we leave the room." This is the kind of language which has been used on other occasions by persons equally wanting in mental ballast. The *Merrimac*, as a Confederate writer stated, "was not weatherly enough to move in Hampton Roads at all times with safety, and she could never have been moved more than three hours' sail from a machine shop." In spite of her wretched qualities, however, the *Merrimac* proved more than a match for the wooden frigates, and created a veritable panic, quickly dispelled by Ericsson's genius. On the 9th March, 1862, the *Monitor*, fresh from the builder's hands and wholly untried, fought her memorable action, with results far-reaching. Our *Devastation*, *Thunderer*, and *Dreadnought*, still extremely powerful vessels, largely owe their design to the great experiment in Hampton Roads, and there is scarcely a navy in the world which has not felt its influence. To Ericsson it brought well-deserved fame; but no respite from labour, no termination of the struggle against prejudice. Improvements in artillery, schemes for harbour defence,



investigations in Solar Physics, were among the many occupations of his later years, and working still to the last, as was his fervent wish, Ericsson passed away on the 8th March, 1889.

Probably no man has done more for the scientific progress of his age; certainly none has traversed a wider field with greater success. Work was the dominating passion of his long life, and this, combined with an inflexible will and a certain lack of patience in his dealings with others, narrowed the circle of his friends, cast a shadow over his domestic relations, and led him latterly into the habits of a recluse. Although Fate ordained that Ericsson's career should be passed in the United States, the great Republic never succeeded in winning his affections. Slavery was his abhorrence, and during the Civil War all his sympathies and energies were cast for the cause of freedom; but he frequently spoke with some bitterness of his adopted country, and to the last his heart turned warmly to the mountains and forests of his beloved Sweden. Mr. Church's volumes leave something to be desired. His treatment is occasionally a little confused, and his scientific knowledge does not always rise to the standard necessary for John Ericsson's biographer. Yet the book is full of interest throughout, and will serve its purpose in recalling to a forgetful age the memory of a life to which the world owes much.

#### TWO POPULAR POEMS.

A VISION OF SAINTS. By Lewis Morris. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD: OR, THE GREAT CONSUMMATION. By Sir Edwin Arnold, K.C.I.E., C.S.I. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

THE duty of the reviewer is lighter than the duty of the critic. The critic requires to divest himself of friendships and enmities. He must judge of books as if their authors had died before he was born. He must be absolved of all peccadilloes of taste and opinion—the inclinations of the clique to which he may belong, the passing fads and fancies of the day; and he must also purge himself of a graver fault—that of trusting blindly to the drift of the age. The novelist, the poet, the dramatist is rarely right unless he is floating with the tide. The critic must be moored. The reviewer, on the other hand, represents current opinion. He is the mouthpiece of a party; and always, in the case of popular writers, a friend or an enemy. The reviewer is a barrister; the critic represents the whole court—he is for and against—and also judge and jury. The less the reviewer thinks, the better he will perform his duty; the critic has to re-create in thought the work he deals with. The reviewer is the magnetic needle deflected by every change in the earth's magnetism; the critic points unswervingly due north and south. With the critic it is always Doomsday; with the reviewer it is Monday or Tuesday, summer or winter, and the Tories are out or in. Neither the ideal reviewer nor the ideal critic exists; the one has always a smack of the other. It is better so; and a judicious union of the two points of view, such as we intend in this article, is likely to result in a satisfactory estimate.

In "The Vision of Saints" Mr. Lewis Morris has carried out a design, which he had long entertained, of attempting for the "beautiful Christian legends and records" what he and others have done for the mythology of Greece; and he must be congratulated on the successful completion of what will probably rank as his most important work. It would therefore be pleasant to omit all strictures; but, believing the ridicule, as unmerited as it is ineffective, which greets Mr. Morris's works in some quarters to be the result of a reaction against the unreasoning applause of the Philistine, we hope, as far as our shortcomings will permit, to show that admiration of this popular poet is quite compatible with a due sense of his deficiencies.

The scheme of "A Vision of Saints" is faulty. The angelic guide, the passage through heaven, with the unfortunate reference to Dante, and the intervals of conversation between each narrative, essential to the poem as it is at present cast, are cumbrous and distracting. Possibly this antiquated machinery was requisite to produce the proper poetic mood; but, having served its purpose, why lug it into the light of day? Mr. Morris might have taken one more lesson from "The Master yonder in the Isle," and instead of the epic have given us the idyllic form. Had he given us the nineteen narratives as separate poems without any of the irrelevant matter about the celestial journey, he would have obviated the serious charge of a wasted opportunity; for when a poet is guided by an angel

"down long vistas gray  
Of centuries, . . . by endless ranks  
Of sanctity, cloistered or secular,  
But all of Heaven,"

we expect that he will have something to report other than the story of "The Seven Sleepers of Ephesus" and the Lives of Father Damien and Elizabeth Fry. It is useless to say that we are quarrelling with the choice of subject. If Mr. Morris saw Antoninus Pius in heaven, why did he not also, or in preference, see Socrates? Instead of St. Christopher, why have we not John the Baptist, or one of the Apostles? SS. Cecilia, Dorothy, and Francis deserve places in a new Golden Legend, but not before St. Augustine, St. Benedict, or Joan of Arc, who have to make way for SS. Phocas, Alexis, Marina, etc. Surely also an English poet should have cast an eye round heaven in search of St. Alban. We have already instanced two of Mr. Morris's more modern selections. Other two seem to us only less unfortunate. Should not the great Reformers Wycliffe, Luther, or some of the English or Huguenot martyrs, or a Scotch Covenanter, have found places in this bede-roll before George Herbert and John Bunyan? Henry Martyn, however, is admirable as representative of the Christian missionary.

In the beginning of his poem, Mr. Morris refers to his "Epic of Hades" as a dream of "thin heroic forms and ghostly gods." He here unwittingly indicates a defect in his poetic power. Curious minor illustrations of this vagueness of vision may frequently be found in his description of the appearance and carriage of his saints. For example, how, at all, did St. Perpetua, retaining the "conscious pride of noble birth," get into the Kingdom of Heaven among the poor in spirit? And what is the meaning of this?—

"We passed along the close-set files  
Of saints and martyrs, bearing each the palm,  
Though marked no more by robes antique, or mien,  
Or speech, but of the modern centuries,  
And as we live to-day. So thick they rose  
Streaming from earth . . ."

What! in frock-coats and tea-gowns! The irreverent suggestion is there, though unintended; if the elder saints wore their "antique robes," why not the later ones their modern dress? But now we have done with blame.

If the tendency and purpose of poetry be "to carry the mind beyond and above the beaten, dusty, weary walks of ordinary life; to lift it into a purer element, and to breathe into it more profound and generous emotion"—and we think there are few who would not agree that this should be the main part of its tendency—then the "Vision of Saints" is a poem of a lofty order. Not one of these nineteen idylls, considered apart from its setting, falls below the high quality of the best portions of the "Epic of Hades." Fluency and suavity, the chief characteristics of Mr. Morris's blank verse, are admirably suited to adorn the gentle earnestness which marks his thought, to enshrine the calm, long-suffering heroism which is the principal feature in the lives of the saints he has chosen. Another important merit of these poems, and one cause of their assured

popularity—the book has already reached a second edition—is the fact that each of these nineteen idylls contains a story, interesting, stimulating and ennobling. It is not difficult, indeed, to indicate the sources of Mr. Morris's deserved popularity. His work is eminently readable; from the simplicity of its diction, easily understood; and it always appeals to the noblest of our passions. Of "The Vision of Saints" we can say heartily, in Mr. Morris's own words, what we believe will be the verdict of every open-minded reader—

"Those high processions lingering with me seemed  
To purify my soul."

Sir Edwin Arnold's well-earned reputation as a poet would attract attention to anything he might issue; and since, in "The Light of the World," he chose the greatest and most generally interesting subject which history can afford, and has treated it reverentially, and yet in a manner hitherto unattempted in English poetry—with one exception to be referred to in passing—we cannot wonder that the vast public to which he appealed, infidel as well as believer, out of curiosity or interest, to scoff or to admire, bought thousands of copies of his poem during the first week of issue. Though Sir Edwin's verse is as fluent, it is not, in our judgment, so readable as Mr. Morris's, nor has it the simplicity of diction, the chastity of phrase, which give distinction to the "Vision of Saints." There can be no doubt, indeed, that Sir Edwin Arnold's poem bears traces of hurry. The rhymed pentameters of the introduction, "At Bethlehem," are not pleasant reading. As an example of carelessness, we have "Bethlehem" rhyming with "them" five times. Sir Edwin's prize poem, "The Feast of Belshazzar," is immeasurably better. Again, the version of the message of the angels to the shepherds which is introduced as a sort of expanded poetical catch-word, or *leit-motif*, four or five times, and in capitals too, is diffuse, uninteresting in its rhymes, and unillustrative in its imagery. Having referred to Sir Edwin's abuse of capitals, we may justly instance another example, because it is a very disagreeable blemish, and could be so easily remedied. Christ's reply, "Mary," to her who asked of Him where they had laid her Lord, is printed as a "cross-head" in large capitals. "Jesus wept," although it, too, appears as a "cross-head," is, we are happy to say, in small letters. We think it right to enter this protest against the employment of the tricks of journalism in serious literature. With this we conclude the disagreeable but necessary task of fault-finding.

Pontius Pilate, on his way to Rome to give an account of his stewardship, pauses at Magdala and lodges in the house of the Lady Miriam; for Mary of Magdala is now a wealthy châtelaine of Galilee, her brother Lazarus having been a ruler of the people. Pilate and his wife, Claudia Procula, recall in a conversation during the night the circumstances of Christ's trial and crucifixion. In the morning they send for Mary to hear from her on what grounds she and others still follow the teaching of the Crucified One. Mary is described in a very florid passage, containing the now notorious simile of Fuji-san. Her speech to Pilate is so convincing that he flies from her. "One other watch spent here will brand me Nazarene." Pilate is a striking figure, and one of the most powerful portraiture in the poem. But the principal figure in the "Light of the World" is Mary Magdalene,

"A daughter of the sun, in those climes born  
Where light and life are larger."

After the visit of Pilate there comes to her a Magus, one of the three who visited Bethlehem at the Nativity. During six days, Mary discourses to this Indian of her own conversion, of Christ's parables and miracles, of the love of God to man, and of the Great Consummation, in glowing language, full of the rich light and warm atmosphere

of the East, and deeply coloured with her own sensuous fancy. There is a half regret in the gorgeous description—recalling some passages in *Antony and Cleopatra*—which she gives of her career before her conversion. She is even overcome by the memory of her sinful splendour, and in a magnificent burst brags of

"The harlot with the long black braided hair,  
Who melted hearts in spiced pomegranate wine—  
Than Alexandrian Queen more prodigal—  
And laughed their wealth to want, and trod their pride  
Under her brodered sandals; and took toll  
Of goods and gear, wasting in one wild bout  
The Temple's wealth."

Her sense of her womanhood is so strong still, that it colours even her regenerate idea of heaven, where she thinks men and women will be

"free souls  
Linked as the angels are, whose breath is love,  
And for their sex another wonder."

She is earthly even in her description of Christ's utterances to herself in the garden, when each word had a tender note—

"Of lightness, like the gentle raillery  
Which lovers use."

She is no believer in the Atonement: in her warm-hearted woman's way she flashes out against the doctrine, which some were already beginning to teach, of the propitiation of "that hungry anger of the offended law"; and she pities Azazel's goat, "laden with those sins beasts wot not of," and dying forlorn,

"Famished, on fire with thirst, knee-deep in slime  
And salt crust of the dreadful sea of Death."

Mr. Swinburne could not have given us a warmer-blooded, more tender-hearted, more heterodox Magdalene—a converted Magdalene, very unlike the accepted ideal, but consistent with herself and true to human nature. All the characters—the old Magus, who harmonises Buddhism with Christianity; Lazarus, in dealing with whom Sir Edwin comes into competition with Browning's "Epistle of Karshish" not disadvantageously; and Jair's daughter—are mere shadows beside her with

"her great eyes  
Shining with glow of fearless faithful love."

In conclusion, this may be said: That many a reader, and perhaps reviewer, whose memory of the Old Story has grown somewhat dim, will have that memory freshened by reading Sir Edwin's poem, and be sent back gratefully to the simpler highest authority on "The Light of the World."

#### FICTION NEW AND OLD.

1. *HER EVIL GENIUS*. By Frederick Boyle. Three vols. London Chapman & Hall. 1891.
2. *NOT A MOMENT TO SPARE*. By Hugh Coleman Davidson. Two vols. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington. 1891.
3. *A DEAD MAN'S DIARY*. Written after his Decease. One vol. Third edition. London, New York, and Melbourne: Ward, Lock & Co. 1891.

THERE is much which is strong and original in "Her Evil Genius." The material of the story is to some extent new, and the story itself is of absorbing interest. It is a three-volume novel, and yet it is not too long. It is full of romantic incidents, of powerful and dramatic scenes, and the conclusion is artistic and suitable. And although it is a story of incident, even of adventure, the characters are admirably drawn. They are new and vivid, and perplex one like life itself. The style is quite tolerable, and the whole book bears evidence of a knowledge of the world and of considerable brightness and humour. In short, it is quite above the average of the fiction of the day. Its chief fault is perhaps an occasional want of judgment. John Oliver, for instance, is a striking and impressive character, but he is sometimes a little impossible; this man,



who sometimes talks like a prig and sometimes like a cynic, who paints divinely and can fight like a demon, is on too large a scale. He occasionally is heroic; but occasionally, on the other hand, he seems monstrous. Hal is a more pleasing and natural sketch. But, perhaps, the most charming of all are the two fair barbarians who are imported from the outrageous island of Ometepe into an English country house. Mr. Boyle is not always at his happiest; he is needlessly melodramatic in some parts of his story; some of the conversations of his characters have a suggestion of Mr. George Meredith about them; and his taste and judgment are not always perfect. But he has remarkable talent, and he has written a most spirited and exciting story.

"Not a Moment to Spare" is a title which hardly does justice to the story that follows it. Mr. Davidson's new story is not so hopelessly conventional and melodramatic as the title would imply. It makes some attempt to depict characters as they are or might be, instead of contenting itself with recollecting the dummies that flounder through the average murder story. But it must be confessed that Mr. Davidson has chosen to work on very familiar lines, and it is only his remarkable ingenuity which saves his book from being wearisome. He manufactures his coincidences with considerable skill; tangles his story in one volume, and unravels it in the next, with a shade more than the usual cunning. There is probably nothing in the book quite so stupid as its title. Here we have a two-volume novel. In the early part of the first volume we find the hero suspected of murder, and we remember that the title is "Not a Moment to Spare." A child could tell us exactly in what part of the book we shall find the condemned hero pardoned for being innocent. An intelligent dog could probably do it, if it had been brought up in a circulating library. This is a very bad mistake in a story whose chief aim is to excite its readers. However, there is still one interest left, for the author very considerably provides us with two villains; and although we are quite sure that the hero did not commit murder (for heroes never commit murder), and that his life will be saved (for heroes are never hanged), we do not know which of the villains is responsible for the deed of blood. In short, this is a murder story which is just a little more ingenious than the average murder story. The style is unpretentious and jerky.

"A Dead Man's Diary" has come to a third edition. Bound in black, with the ghost of rather a bad quill pen depicted in white on the cover, it once more makes its appeal to the public. One opens it almost with trembling; one feels that he is on the verge of the discovery of the great secret. It is easy to understand that its exceedingly sensational title is responsible for the large popularity which it has obtained. Who would not pay the paltry sum of three shillings and sixpence for an illumination of the hereafter and a striking binding, not to mention the advertisements at the end? The book is soon read, and it is to be feared that the reader will go away disappointed. The Dead Man has so very little to tell us, and he does not always tell it very well. That he should be egotistical was necessary, but it is a pity that he is not a more interesting subject for his own discussions. Sometimes we find beautiful and appreciative writing in these pages, but more often the style is strained, artificial, and displeasing. It wants vigour. It is rather dead than manly. It is not very difficult to understand how it came to be written, without imputing any excessive originality to the author. And we have already said something of a possible reason for its popularity. "With how many of us," Matthew Arnold wrote, "are the main concerns of life limited to these two: the concern for making money, and the concern for saving our souls!" The price of "A Dead Man's Diary" is not large, and its title seems to promise more light on the second of these main concerns.

#### A STUDY OF FEDERAL GOVERNMENT.

HARVARD HISTORICAL MONOGRAPHS. No. 2. INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF FEDERAL GOVERNMENT. By Albert Bushnell Hart, Ph.D., Assistant Professor of History. Boston: Ginn & Co. 1891.

THE activity of the leading American Universities has lately been showing itself, not only in developing a seminary system after the fashion of Germany, and in increasing enormously their professorial staff, but in publishing pieces of work done by professors or graduates in some special branch of science or learning. Not the least valuable among these have been the studies or monographs in the field of political science, and especially of constitutional and institutional history. Some of those included in the Johns Hopkins series have attained considerable reputation, and done much to stimulate inquiry into local historical sources. Those which Harvard University is now publishing are somewhat longer and remarkably thorough in their method. In the present volume of two hundred pages, Dr. Hart gives us the outline of a treatise on Federation, partly an historical account, partly an analysis of the constitutions of the four leading Federal States of the world. After a brief introduction, setting forth what he calls the theory of Federal Government, he devotes a few pages to a brief sketch of the federations of the ancient world, and of mediæval and post-mediæval Europe; then describes at some length, and in a very clear and exact way, the federal systems of the United States, of Switzerland, of Germany, and of Canada, adding a few words on the confederations of South and Central America. Appendix A, which is longer than the treatise itself, contains a minute comparative analysis of the Constitutions of these four great federations, so arranged as to show how each of them deals with the same department; and another appendix provides the student with an almost too full and elaborate list of works of previous writers on the subject, in which not only books, but even magazine articles are noted, and sometimes briefly characterised. The influence of Germany among the younger generation of American scientific writers is very palpable in the care bestowed on the bibliographical part of their tasks—a part which, thirty years ago, nobody thought of either in England or in America.

Dr. Hart is business-like throughout—direct, precise, and, so far as we have tested him, accurate. He has come so well down to date as to include the establishment of a republic in Brazil, the preparations for the assembling in this very month of the Australasian Federal Convention, and the magazine and newspaper discussions in Great Britain of what is called "Imperial Federation" from 1883 to 1890. In his short historical sketches he perceives what are the salient features, and gives them due prominence; though the extremely small scale on which his space obliges him to treat large subjects, makes the accounts of the formation of the present Swiss Confederation and present German Empire rather unsatisfying. For the same reason he is forced to confine himself to the statement of the legal features of each of the systems analysed, without being able to illustrate their practical working. The subject is almost too vast for treatment in a monograph; but Dr. Hart has done well what the conditions of the problem permitted him to do, and his book will be found very useful to students of the science he teaches.

#### EDMOND SCHÉREER.

EDMOND SCHÉREER. Par Octave Gréard, de l'Académie Française. Paris: Hachette. 1890.

EDMOND SCHÉREER, who was known in England chiefly by his critical essays, and not known as well as their merits deserved, was a remarkable man and had a remarkable career, typical in some ways of the times in which we live, yet bearing the distinctive note of his strong and serious character. He was born in France, of a family originally Swiss, but with an Anglo-Dutch mother, and had more of the Swiss and the Teuton in him than of the Frenchman. He certainly found, in later life, the moral atmosphere of contemporary France distasteful. Educated partly in England and partly at Strasburg, he was ordained a Protestant clergyman in 1840, and taught at the Theological School of the Oratoire in Geneva till 1849, when his opinions, which had till then been orthodox and markedly influenced by the great Vinet, began to change. The last twenty-five years of his life were spent in France, chiefly at Versailles. He was a powerful journalist, able to write in English and in German with as much point and readiness as in French, and an excellent representative of what may be called a highly conservative republicanism. After the fall of Louis Napoleon he became a life senator, and made himself one of the most respected members of the Upper Chamber. His book on Democracy, a ruthless unweaving of the defects of the Republican Government now existing in France, will be in the memory of many Englishmen. M. Gréard's sketch—for it is rather a sketch of his character and criticism of his powers than a regular biography, and tells us much less than we desire to know—is gracefully and sympathetically written. It does not exaggerate the power of Schéreer's intellect or the intensity of his nature. He was a man who made a profound impression on all who knew him.

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS.\*

It requires a good deal of courage even to attempt to compress into a volume of scarcely more than three hundred pages all that is most characteristic and valuable in the life and work of "Confucius the Great Teacher." It has been left accordingly to a gallant soldier to make the experiment, and we can honestly congratulate Major-General Alexander on the success with which he has at length carried out the literary dream which he has cherished since the period—now more than forty years ago—when he first gained a knowledge of the Chinese classics during his sojourn as a young officer in the East. It would be unfair, however, to give the impression that any pretensions are set forth in this work that the book has been written by a scholar for scholars. On the other hand, there is abundant evidence of wide reading and conscientious research, but General Alexander has steadily kept before him the needs of the general reader, and he has, therefore, sought to clothe the ideas of Oriental thought in language which is likely to awaken a sympathetic interest in the mind of an ordinary European. General Alexander is wise, we think, in retaining much of the legendary glamour which has gathered around the personal history of the Chinese sage, since not a few of these myths and traditions help the Western reader to understand not merely the manners, but the mode of thought which prevailed in the East twenty-three centuries ago. The contribution which Confucius made to religion and morals is admirably indicated in the closing chapters of the book, and it would be difficult to name any volume of the same unpretending character which gives a more lucid summary of all that is most distinctive and permanent in the philosophy of the sage. Confucius was not a lawgiver, like Mo-es, and has little claim to be regarded as on a level with Zoroaster, Buddha, or Mohammed; for each of these great leaders of human thought were more or less destroyers of the social and religious systems which preceded their advent, and the founders of new faiths upon the ruins of the old. This circumstance is not overlooked by General Alexander; and what he claims for Confucius is that he sought neither to destroy nor to create, but to preserve and to restore. He was no flatterer of the passions or weaknesses of mankind, nor did he lay any claim to the possession of supernatural powers; and yet after the lapse of more than two thousand years, the recorded thoughts of this great teacher are still the "standard of life and morals for the countless myriads of a mighty Empire." The moral ascendancy of Confucius, even in modern Chinese thought, is hardly less remarkable than the reverence which is still paid to the intellectual eminence. The "Five Classics" and the "Four Books" still shape the course of Chinese education, and whatever vestiges of antique grandeur still mark the national character can be traced more or less directly to the noble influence and elevated philosophy of Confucius.

Hundreds of lads have gained a noble vision of the true dignity and worth of life whilst listening to the head-master's earnest and enlightened "Sermons in Clifton College Chapel," Bristol. The group of discourses contained in the present volume were preached during Mr. Wilson's last seven terms, and they are now published at the request of the Sixth Form. There were many sad young hearts at Clifton when Mr. Wilson became vicar of Rochdale, and his own feeling at the severance may be gathered from the dedication of this book—"To the school which I never loved more than when I resolved to leave it." We do not wonder, after reading these addresses, at the enthusiasm which such a teacher was able to kindle amongst his boys, not for learning alone, but also for the weightier things of character and conduct. Mr. Wilson believes that the progress of the race turns on the awakening of the individual soul, and in the farewell sermons which he preached in Clifton Chapel last December he sought to inspire the lads he was leaving with something of his own tenderness and pity for the desolate and oppressed:—"I desire that in the heart of every one of you, when you grow up, there should be an undying sympathy for the very worst and weakest of our fellow-countrymen, and not sympathy only, but an active resolve that the circumstances which crush them shall be altered, and that they themselves shall not be cursed and spurned, but shall have a chance, and many chances, of recovery." Everywhere in this volume the same high and chivalrous note is struck, and if Clifton School does not replenish the life of the nation with a number of large-hearted, public-spirited men, the fault will certainly not lie at the door of Mr. Wilson.

\* **CONFUCIUS, THE GREAT TEACHER: A STUDY.** By Major-General G. G. Alexander, C.B. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. Crown 8vo. (7s. 6d.)

**SERMONS PREACHED IN CLIFTON COLLEGE CHAPEL, 1888-1890.** Second Series. By the Rev. J. M. Wilson, M.A. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Crown 8vo.

**FROEBEL'S LETTERS ON THE KINDERGARTEN.** Translated from the German Edition of 1887. Edited and Annotated by Emilie Michaelis and H. Keatley Moore, B.A. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. Crown 8vo. (3s.)

**A HUNDRED YEARS BY POST: A JUBILEE RETROSPECT.** By J. Wilson Hyde. Illustrated. London: Sampson Low, Marston & Co. Crown 8vo. (1s.)

Pestalozzi's most ardent disciple, Friedrich Froebel, shortly before his death, expressed the wish that his "Letters on the Kindergarten" should be collected and published, in order to help forward the cause which he had so much at heart. Madame Froebel accordingly set herself the task of gathering and arranging her husband's correspondence on education, and the book was published in Vienna, in 1887, under the editorship of Herr Poesche, a school inspector in Berlin, and formerly a pupil of Froebel. The letters are addressed to some thirty correspondents, and they cover the most influential period of Froebel's career; indeed, the majority of them were written when the Kindergarten system had already emerged from the tentative stage. It was in 1840 that Froebel opened the first Kindergarten, at Blankenburg, and, as all the world knows, the principles he advocated had to run the gauntlet, not merely of opposition, but of contempt. Two years after his death—which took place in 1852—the movement established itself in England; and though it was hampered by a "foreign name, by foreign interpreters, and by much that was foreign in its actual working detail," as well as by the conservative instincts of the teaching profession, the Kindergarten system has quietly revolutionised the methods of primary education. Froebel, as we are reminded in these pages, was not merely a reformer in the art of teaching, but sought to reconstruct the entire theory of education. He sought to train his pupils by an appeal to the three fundamental principles of life—doing, thinking, and feeling. The activity or "doing" of a little child finds expression in the form of play; therefore, Froebel linked education to those pastimes to which childhood instinctively turns. Froebel held, with Pestalozzi, that the end of education was not the quickening of this or that faculty, but the balanced and symmetrical development of all. The manner in which he reduced this theory to practice constitutes his chief claim to remembrance, and in these artless and informal letters the reader gains many a glimpse into the heart of the system and into the heart of the man. Froebel cherished a lofty view of his own vocation, and, in spite of ridicule and disappointment, he seems never to have wavered in his conviction that the principles which he advocated were morally sound and philosophically right. The book in its present form deserves to be widely read, and chiefly because it sets forth—with many welcome autobiographical allusions—the central ideas of Froebel's educational system and his conception of the possibilities of child-life.

"A Hundred Years by Post" is a chatty description, illustrated by reproductions of quaint contemporary prints, of the marvellous changes which have taken place in the collection and distribution of letters since the close of last century. In 1781 the postal staff in Edinburgh was composed of twenty-three persons, of whom six were letter-carriers; Liverpool, in the year 1792, with a population of something like sixty thousand, only required the services of three postmen, and they certainly were not likely to wax fat and kick, for they only received seven shillings a week each. There was only one delivery of letters a day, and though the men started on their rounds by about nine o'clock in the morning, it was quite the middle of the afternoon before they returned. The delivery of letters in former times was, of necessity, a slow affair, and that for two reasons: pre-payment was not compulsory, and the postman had sometimes to haggle, and often to wait for the money; moreover, streets were not named and numbered on any sort of system, and concise addresses were, therefore, impossible. In 1839, the year before the passing of that measure, the number of letters in the United Kingdom was 82,500,000; next year, under the Penny Postage scheme, the number was more than doubled. In 1889 the number of letters passing through the Post Office in this country was 1,558,000,000, and even this total does not include post-cards, circulars, newspapers, and book-packets. So vast, indeed, has been the progress in every direction that there is now a great army of no less than 108,000 persons serving the public in the various departments of the Post Office. Mr. Hyde writes pleasantly, and there is not a page of his narrative which is open to the charge of dullness.

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# THE SPEAKER

SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1891.

## PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

HEAVY indeed is the loss which has fallen upon the Liberal party in the death of LORD GRANVILLE. Universally liked and respected, esteemed even by his political opponents, he was one of the men who in the great division of five years ago helped to keep the overwhelming majority of Liberals true to the new work to which they had set their hands. The stupid calumnies of the men who affected to believe that no man who was both honourable and intelligent had taken sides with MR. GLADSTONE in the great controversy, rebounded harmlessly when they were directed against LORD GRANVILLE—the ideal at once of a man of honour and a man of sense. His long discipline as leader of the House of Lords, with only a minority of peers behind him, had done much to develop the special qualities for which he was conspicuous—the suavity, the grace, the firmness, and the fairness which made him the model of what the leader of such an assembly ought to be. It was this hard discipline which stood him in good stead during his last days, when his followers in the House of Lords might almost have been counted on his fingers, and when he had to withstand such rancorous and violent opponents as the DUKE OF ARGYLL and LORD LONDONDERRY. It is almost impossible to replace him; but, at least, the Liberal party will long hold his name in grateful remembrance.

ONE of our contributors writes:—"I see many anecdotes in the newspapers illustrating LORD GRANVILLE's brilliant gifts as a story-teller; and no man who has heard him at the club or the dinner-table will question the high character given to him by his biographers as a most delightful *raconteur*. But sufficient justice has hardly been done to his extraordinary clearness of mind, to the ease and completeness with which, at the close of a long conversation ranging over many different topics, he could summarise the long talk in a few words, clearly impressing upon his interlocutor the exact character and bearing of all that had passed between them. A few years ago, I went to consult him on a number of somewhat knotty points connected with the preparation of a political biography. He talked to me for an hour or more in the most delightful fashion, ranging over the whole field of the subject with which we were dealing, and telling me a score of amusing stories that had apparently nothing to do with the matter in hand. I was fascinated and somewhat bewildered by this wealth of good talk. At last I rose to go. 'Now,' he said, 'let us see what we have agreed upon; and in a few brief sentences he summarised in the clearest and most orderly manner the whole of that long conversation, sending me away in the full possession of his exact views on each of the points on which I had wished his advice. What a gift was this for a Foreign Secretary accustomed to long *pourparlers* with ambassadors!"

THE country has been greatly agitated during the week by the news published on Monday morning of a very serious disaster to the British arms in Manipur, on the Assam frontier. Even now the details of the affair are but vaguely known; but it would seem that we have once more been betrayed

by the fatal British habit of despising our enemies. The force which accompanied the British Commissioner to Manipur for the purpose of upholding the authority of the Rajah ought to have been sufficient for the purpose. But it does not seem to have taken a sufficient quantity of ammunition, and, when treacherously attacked by the tribesmen, it was unable to hold out. There is reason to believe that the first accounts of the disaster were exaggerated, and that the loss of life was by no means so serious as was reported; but the incident is a very vexatious one, clearly bringing home to us once more some of the dangers and difficulties which attend "the weary Titan" of British Empire in his attempt to cope with his world-wide task.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, SIR HENRY JAMES, and MR. MATTHEWS, have all delivered long speeches during the week, and in each case the speaker has made it evident that he now regards MR. PARNELL as his foremost ally in his opposition to Home Rule. For the rest the speeches of the three Ministerialists are only notable in the case of MR. CHAMBERLAIN for the ostentatious bid for the support of the working-classes; in that of SIR HENRY JAMES for the attempt to fan anew the flames of religious fanaticism in Ulster; and in that of the Home Secretary for a violence of speech and vulgarity of tone that are distinctly discreditable. The chief speakers on the Liberal side during the week have been LORD RIPON and MR. HENRY FOWLER. The criticism by the latter of MR. GOSCHEN'S finance was specially trenchant. The falling-away of the Chancellor of the Exchequer from his old standard of financial orthodoxy was clearly set forth.

WE have commented elsewhere on the result of the trials for "rioting" at Tipperary. The moral taught by the failure of the Crown to obtain a conviction has been set forth in a letter of admirable clearness and precision from the pen of MR. MORLEY. The *Times* had denied that the acquittal of the majority of the defendants, and the disagreement of the jury in the case of the others, was a matter of any importance. MR. MORLEY points out that this was not the opinion of MR. BALFOUR, who practically staked the accuracy of his statements regarding the Tipperary outrages upon the result of the trial at Cork. The jury by their verdict have shown that they do not believe MR. BALFOUR and that they do believe MR. MORLEY; and this, be it remembered, was a special jury carefully packed by the Crown itself, and consisting of men who are believed to be favourable in general to MR. BALFOUR'S policy. The blow to the Irish Secretary is a heavy one; and it is to be hoped that when Parliament re-assembles means will be taken to enforce the lesson taught by the action of the jury.

MR. PARNELL is going from bad to worse. If anybody else had made the speeches which he has been delivering during the present week, it is certain that the *Times* would not have dreamt of publishing them in full. Strongly as we have felt on the subject of the ex-Irish leader's unparalleled treachery to his allies and his followers, we confess that we cannot but witness with profound regret the marked and extraordinary deterioration in intellect and manners which seems to have over-

taken him during the past four months. Nothing more vulgar or puerile than the abuse of his old friends, which now forms the staple of his speeches, could well be imagined. His vituperation has not even the merit of vigour or point. It is coarse and vulgar without being effective; whilst his retreat from the vaunting challenge he addressed to MR. MAURICE HEALY has made him an utterly contemptible figure, even to the most devoted among his followers. The consciousness that he is a beaten man, and that his desperate attempt to save himself by the sacrifice of his country has proved a failure, is manifest in all that he says and does. We could wish for his own sake that his personal friends could induce him to retire from a scene in which each fresh appearance which he makes only serves to deepen the popular antipathy towards him.

It is amusing to see that SIR FREDERICK MILNER has not lost much time, since his election for Bassetlaw, in resuming his old function as the inquisitive letter-writer. Time was when, by his letters and questions, SIR FREDERICK had fairly established his position as the most prominent bore in the House of Commons. Then came a merciful period of oblivion, when, through the action of the citizens of York, he was enabled to allow people to forget his existence and his terrible reputation. But the hope that he had changed his ways during his absence from Parliament has been too speedily dispelled. Once more he has obtruded himself upon the public as the writer of long letters to his political opponents. He is, of course, at liberty to spend his time in writing these letters; but why any newspaper should think it worth while to publish them, and above all, why any man of position should feel called upon to answer them, we confess we cannot understand. SIR FREDERICK'S attempt to drag MR. GLADSTONE into a controversy on the subject of the Tory support of MR. PARNELL has been foiled, the Liberal leader having courteously declined to engage in single combat with an antagonist of SIR FREDERICK MILNER'S calibre.

MR. GOSCHEN always fixes his estimates of Revenue so low that it was perfectly certain from the first that the year which ended on Tuesday would show a handsome surplus; the only question was how much the surplus would be. In the first half of the year it promised to be considerably over two millions. Trade and speculation were both very active, and every great item increased rapidly. The BARING crisis, however, almost stopped business on the Stock Exchange and adversely affected trade. Consequently the second half of the year has been far less satisfactory than the first; still the result is unquestionably good. The total Imperial Revenue amounted to £89,489,112, and very nearly seven millions more were handed over to the local authorities, making the total receipts, Imperial and Local, £96,463,000. The Imperial receipts proper exceed the Budget estimates in round figures by £1,880,000, and they even slightly exceed the receipts of the year before, although MR. GOSCHEN last April remitted a penny of the tea duty and handed over a considerable amount to the local authorities. Excise and Customs continued throughout the year to improve most satisfactorily, showing that the expenditure of the working classes was very large and that the consumption of spirits and beer still goes on growing.

THERE was also a satisfactory growth in the Post Office; and excepting Stamps and Miscellaneous revenue, every item testifies that the condition of the country is favourable. The Miscellaneous revenue is subject to unforeseen fluctuations, as much of it is in the nature of windfalls, and stamps suffered from the stagnation upon the Stock Exchange. The

returns do not show the actual expenditure upon the Debt, Naval Defence, and the other Consolidated Fund charges; but assuming they were the same as the estimates, they amounted to £28,768,000, and the outlay on the Supply Services was £59,429,000, making the total Expenditure of the year £88,197,000, which would show a realised surplus of nearly £1,300,000. For the new year, assuming that the charge for the Debt, the Naval Defence Fund, and the other Consolidated Fund charges are the same as in the year just ended, the total expenditure will amount to £88,792,000. MR. GOSCHEN will probably be again moderate in his estimates of revenue, as he will like to make sure of another surplus to dispose of twelve months hence; therefore he may not in the Budget reckon upon a large increase in his income. But he can hardly put it under 89½ millions, which would show an estimated surplus of about a million. Whatever the surplus may be estimated at, it is understood that it will be applied to assist education.

THE Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday made no change in their rate of discount. As always happens at the end of a quarter, there has been during the week a strong demand for short loans, and the Bank of England on Tuesday and Wednesday did a large business in that way. In the outside market, too, the rate of discount has been fairly well maintained at about 2½ per cent. The German demand for gold is still strong. At one time it looked as if a French demand were about to spring up. And there is also a demand for South America. If gold continues to be exported, rates of interest and discount may be maintained higher this month than is generally expected; but if the demand for gold falls off rates will decline rapidly, for next week the interest on the National Debt will be paid; and now that the financial year is over the collection of the revenue will be on a much smaller scale, consequently the supply of money in the market will be larger, while the demand will be small, owing to the continued distrust and the slackening of trade. Silver suddenly rose on Wednesday to 45d. per ounce, chiefly because of the better demand for India, and there was likewise an improvement in the market for rupee paper, but other silver securities have been somewhat neglected.

THE Stock Exchange was closed from Thursday evening of last week till Tuesday morning of this week, and neither members of the Stock Exchange nor the general public showed much inclination to engage in fresh business when the holidays came to an end. The interest upon Argentine Cédulas due on the 1st April, has not been paid, affording additional proof that the Argentine Republic is going from bad to worse. The National Government has had already to make a compromise with its creditors, the Provinces are in default, and now it is the turn of the mortgage banks, while it is notorious that the State banks are utterly insolvent. How the houses connected with the Republic may be affected is still a question that is seriously asked; and while distrust of the kind continues it is improbable that there can be any material recovery in markets. Besides, investors must suffer very seriously because of the suspension of the payment of interest on all these Argentine issues, and because also of the losses that are falling upon the Argentine railways. Then again, the position of Uruguay is not much better, while the civil war in Chili is still raging, and speculation is running riot in Brazil. The recall of the Italian Minister to the United States increased the general uneasiness. Anything that would affect the credit of Italy would tell seriously upon the German Bourses, where Italian securities of all kinds have been placed during the past couple of years in very large amounts.



## LORD GRANVILLE.

OF Lord Granville it might truly be said, not so much that the boy was father to the man as that the man was the very boy himself. Fifty-five years of fashion, diplomacy, politics, pleasure, and pain had left no blemish upon a soul singularly simple, lovable, and buoyant. Even in his winning face and smile he remained to his intimates the "Pussy" of Eton days—the bright comrade whose drollery had marked him out for the editorial chair of the *Eton Punch*, which flourished in the early thirties. Having known everyone worth knowing, and heard everything worth hearing, for over half a century, he remained to the end keenly susceptible of enjoyment from the simplest of "Joe Millers." He would walk a mile out of his way in order to relate to a sympathising spirit the last story which he had heard at the "Travellers," and if, as might happen, he met with no other reward than the remark that Ham had told that story to Shem one damp evening in the Ark, he would merely laugh at himself, and set off in search of someone else to whom the joke might prove more acceptable.

As a party man Lord Granville was free from the detestable vice of resigning, which has marred the fame of so many eminent men. As he once told the House of Lords, he had absolutely "no sympathy with the cross-bench mind." He was too much of a sportsman and a public school boy to hanker after the distinction of upsetting the party apple-cart, and then calling on mankind to observe what a singularly virtuous and self-sacrificing politician the nation possessed. There are plenty of politicians who are built that way. He was not one of them. The disappointments of his career were not few, but they were none of his seeking, and were borne with the gay reticence of a gentleman. It all came right in the end. If he seemed unlucky at one moment, it was because he had been unduly favoured at another. Having tasted the dignity of Foreign Secretary at thirty-five, it exercised all his stoicism to find that nearly twenty years were to elapse before he could regain the same official level. Mr. Gladstone is prone to put the old men back into their old berths, and when the Liberal party was returning to power in 1868, Lord Granville was considerably exercised as to his fate. If Mr. Gladstone had not seen his way to offering him a Secretaryship of State, he would probably have preferred to remain outside the Cabinet. But he did nothing to press his claims on his chief. Luckily, a Secretaryship of State was found for him at the Colonial Office, and there he remained contentedly enough until, eighteen months later, the death of Lord Clarendon gave him what was the sole object of his ambition, for he can never be said to have seriously desired the Premiership. In an imaginary diary, published by one of the lighter journals during 1869, Lord Clarendon was made to speak as follows:—"Charming fellow Granville, only he can't conceal his anxiety to get my place." Possibly, to Lord Clarendon's experienced eye, he so appeared; but the world at large perceived nothing of his longings. Of Lord Granville's work at the Colonial Office little need be said, beyond remarking that the statement of the *Times* that he was not *persona grata* to the Colonists is ludicrously incorrect. He had the sense and courage to extricate himself from a quarrel with New Zealand, which he had inherited from his four predecessors; and when he exchanged to the Foreign Office, the Agents-General of the great self-governing Colonies took the then unprecedented step of assembling to express to him their regret at parting with him. When he returned to the Colonial Office, sixteen years later, they again

united in greeting him, but his second term of Colonial service was brief and uneventful—a large part of the time being spent in bed, owing to the worst attack of gout he ever had. He signalled his entry into the Foreign Office by telling the House of Lords a guileless tale, which has passed into the commonplace of history as illustrating the ineptitude of British diplomacy. Having walked across Downing Street to ask Lord Hammond's permission to stay a day or two longer at the Colonial Office, that autocratic functionary graciously permitted him to do so, on the ground that in all his long experience he had never known such a lull in foreign affairs. A few hours later Sir Austin Layard was to telegraph from Madrid that the Spaniards had offered their crown to a Prince of the House of Hohenzollern; and in a fortnight Germany and France were locked in their deadly struggle! But the speech was by no means so inept as it seems. There had been an unexampled lull in foreign affairs. It was only ended by the very event which had summoned Lord Granville to the Foreign Office. Lord Clarendon was a power in Europe whose influence made for peace. He occupied (for a singular reason) a unique position in the eyes of Spanish Monarchists. Had his life been prolonged the Spanish crisis would have been postponed. His death was the starting of a rivet which had held together the rickety fabric of European peace. To the singular grace, courage, dexterity, and success of Lord Granville's leadership in the Lords, ample justice has been done by others. As a Foreign Minister it seems to us that far less than justice has been accorded to him. How fine a player and how strong a man he was may never be known to the present generation. No allowance has been made by his critics for the fact that he was the one Foreign Secretary since the long war who has had to do his work under the ceaseless fire of a factious Opposition and a venomous criticism. There is nothing in English Parliamentary history to equal the cynical and malignant duplicity of the Tory party in relation to the Egyptian question between 1882 and 1885. But we are anticipating. That happened in his third term of office. During the period between 1870 and 1874, he was comparatively untroubled by the venom of faction. It is true that men grumbled at him because the Russian forces kept advancing in Asia, and because Russian statesmen were more profuse in promises than faithful in their performance. But Sir Henry Drummond Wolff was not; and the Fourth Party had not arisen. In safeguarding the neutrality of Belgium by duplicate treaties with France and Prussia, he was allowed to have gained a distinct success—displaying celerity, dexterity, and a thorough grasp of the situation. In his correspondence with Count Bernstorff, the Prussian ambassador, on the question of how we were performing the duties of neutrality, he was allowed on all hands to have displayed a mastery of dialectic, which was, perhaps, not wholly his own. Indeed, his State papers at this period attained to a level of argumentation and literary distinction more marked than in any other portion of his official career, the most famous example of his new-born skill being his reply to the Russian claim to tear up the Treaty of Paris. There is nothing in Lord Granville's life-work which has been so misjudged as what he did in relation to the Black Sea Treaty. In the first place he absolutely pulverised the arguments of Russia. He forced her to unray everything that she had asserted. He vindicated absolutely the supremacy of public law. True it is that on the main point he refrained from plunging his country into war. As all Europe, including Turkey, did not think that the point was

worth fighting for, none but a lunatic would have gone to war single-handed to maintain a provision with which we were but indirectly concerned. Nevertheless he secured certain subsidiary provisions well calculated to neutralise any harm which the main concession to Russia might involve. Before that time, it should be remembered, it was forbidden to Turkey, as well as to Russia, to place war-vessels on the Euxine. He secured equal liberty to Turkey as to Russia to do so for the future; and he exacted from Russia the concession that the vessels she might place there should be only such as she could build on the shores of the Black Sea, whereas Turkey was to be at liberty to introduce any ships with which European skill and the confiding bondholder might be willing to supply her.

On returning to office in 1880 Lord Granville was not long in achieving two small successes, by forcing Turkey to grant justice to Montenegro and an instalment of justice to Greece. In Egypt, he, or rather the Cabinet of which he was the organ, drifted into a brilliant scrape. Whether he could by any means have avoided a rupture with Arabi, it is now difficult to say. Probably there was no choice between taking the course which he did and an active alliance with the Egyptian Revolution. In the far future, a Foreign Secretary might take the latter course. But we must remember that all this happened ten years ago; and that Lord Granville had a Baring for a colleague, and the whole tribe of Rothschild at his elbow, not to mention swarms of Levys and Goldschmids buzzing around. England was in pawn to the Society Jews. We had not then come to recognise that "millionaire" is "rascal" writ large. The Cabinet yielded to social pressure, and the Egyptian halter was slipped round John Bull's neck.

Of Lord Granville's later troubles with Germany little need be said. At the very moment when Bismarck was raging most fiercely, the subtle and patient Englishman contrived to exact from Europe at the Berlin Conference a recognition of England's title to the Niger region. He knew all along that Bismarck's rage was absolutely insincere. His Highness cared nothing for the swamps of New Guinea or the sand-hills of Angra Pequena. He merely simulated annoyance with England because he believed that such an attitude would damage the Gladstone Cabinet at home; and, as a Prussian Tory, he conceived that it was his business to make war on the English Cabinet, which he regarded as the chief rallying-point of European Liberalism. Lord Granville knew all that, and more also. For behind the Prussian Tory he saw "the father," who, as he shrewdly suspected, was calculating that a quarrel with England would give an excuse for transferring the German ambassador, Count Münster, to Paris, Count Hatzfeldt replacing him here, and "my son, Herbert," getting Count Hatzfeldt's berth of Foreign Secretary at Berlin. And so it happened—all which mightily amused the elect few, who were not then blinded to the shortcomings of the Iron Chancellor.

His devotion to Liberalism was genuine, and he was one of the first to follow his illustrious leader when the latter raised the Home Rule standard at Christmas, 1885. His attitude towards Mr. Gladstone had always in it something of filial affection, which was noteworthy, considering how little was the difference in their ages. Mr. Gladstone was, in Lord Granville's opinion, the best of good company and a profound humorist, whose fun was hidden from the vulgar beneath a mask of ingenuous earnestness. It may be worth recalling that the only time Mr. Gladstone ever went to the Derby was at the instance of Lord Granville, the two going down *en garçon* by road in the good old

way. For the appeasement of the Nonconformist Conscience, it was explained that the Government had a Betting Bill on the stocks, and that it was necessary for the two leaders to go to a race-meeting in order to judge how it would work.

In every relation of private life Lord Granville overflowed with the most genial affection. His courtesy and kindness to servants were a thing to rejoice at. No paroxysm of pain could ever goad him into a hasty or even a curt reply. His first marriage was childless; but at fifty he married again, his wife being a girl of eighteen, one of the most beautiful *débutantes* of the season. The afternoon of his life was blessed with the purest and most abundant happiness. He has passed away peacefully at the end of a long life of unblemished honour and unflagging devotion to the public good.

#### A LESSON FROM CORK.

IF we are to believe the *Times*, the verdict given by the Cork jury last Saturday, in the case of the Tipperary "rioters," is a matter of no importance whatever. Unfortunately for the organ of Coercion, no less a person than Mr. Balfour had appealed to that verdict beforehand as decisive, in the case of the great controversy between Mr. John Morley and himself. It is Mr. Balfour's point of view, and not that of his clumsy apologist, that most persons will accept; and if they do so, they will find that this verdict, given by a picked (and packed) Cork jury, is of the very highest importance. It shows not only how erroneous are the opinions held by Mr. Balfour regarding events in the country he is supposed to govern, but how absolutely opposed to popular opinion, and to legality, are the methods by which he is carrying on his government. The story of the police outrages at Tipperary need not be re-told here. No one can have forgotten the plain statement made by Mr. Morley as to what he himself saw at the gate of the Court House when the wretched farce which is described as the "trial" of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien was about to begin; nor can any one fail to remember the offensive positiveness of Mr. Balfour's contradiction of Mr. Morley's account. Mr. Balfour was not there to see for himself. He was playing golf in Scotland. But because Mr. Morley's story was not favourable to the police, the Irish Secretary took it upon himself to deny the truth of that gentleman's statement, and to deny it with an abundance of offensive suggestion and argument. Nor was this all. When the men who, according to Mr. Morley and every other trustworthy eye-witness, had been wantonly and brutally assaulted by the police attempted to secure some redress for their wrongs, Mr. Balfour played what he believed to be a very clever trick for the purpose of circumventing them. He took proceedings against these victims of police violence for rioting! There was a cool audacity about this proceeding which was thoroughly Balfourian, and if only the Chief Secretary had succeeded in getting the case settled by a brace of his removable magistrates, we should have seen the law "vindicated" by the punishment of a number of innocent men for their participation in a "riot" which never took place.

This was what Mr. Balfour desired and anticipated, and this was the end he would have attained but for the fact that the trial of the "rioters" was removed to Cork, and that they were reluctantly given the benefit of trial by jury, instead of trial by a Coercion Court. The moment the defendants were brought before a constitutional tribunal their safety was assured. Despite all the efforts of the counsel



for the Crown, and in the face of a summing-up which left nobody in doubt as to the political opinions of the judge who tried the case, three of the five defendants were acquitted by the best jury to be obtained in Cork, and no verdict was returned in the case of the other two. Never was there a more complete defeat for Mr. Balfour and his subordinates. The jury, by their verdict, declared plainly that they did believe Mr. Morley, and that they did not believe the Irish Secretary and his informants. That was in itself a not inconsiderable gain for the cause of Irish freedom. But still more important was the light which their verdict cast upon the attempt to stop the mouths of the victims of police violence at Tipperary by prosecuting them for their share in a riot which never took place. This proceeding is stamped by the verdict of the jury as being something very like a criminal conspiracy. For our part, we fail to see why Mr. Balfour and his agents should not be indicted for the offence of which they have been guilty, in seeking to shield the police by instituting proceedings for which there is no shadow of justification against a number of perfectly innocent men. Certain it is that many a man has been put upon his trial for conduct far less heinous than that of which the Irish Secretary has been guilty in connection with the Tipperary outrage. If it had been in connection with an English case that this attempt to punish the innocent in order to shelter the guilty had been made, the men concerned in it would have been driven from public life. We dare not hope for any such result in a case which only concerns the liberties of Irishmen. We must rest satisfied with the fact that Mr. Balfour has sustained a most humiliating defeat at the hands of the tribunal to which he appealed, and that it has been proved to demonstration that at the very moment at which the reign of constitutional legality recommences in Ireland, the whole fabric of the system of Coercion tumbles to pieces. If the Tipperary defendants had not been fortunate enough to be tried by a jury, they would have been convicted, and they would to-day have been sharing the imprisonment of Messrs. Dillon and O'Brien. As it is, their innocence has been fully demonstrated, and, more fortunate than the victims of the Coercion Courts, they have escaped the trap laid for them by the Irish Secretary and his subordinates. Their story is one which we respectfully commend to the judgment of the Coercionist conscience. It is by incidents like this that we get at the "true truth" regarding Mr. Balfour and his policy. What we chiefly wonder at is the calm apathy with which the revelation of that truth appears to be regarded by Mr. Balfour's supporters. Mr. Chamberlain, for instance, once condemned "the Castle system" as strongly as any man. But on Thursday, when he spoke at Portsmouth, with the result of the Cork trial before him, Mr. Chamberlain openly rejoiced in the existence of the iniquitous system. Like other men who have been besotted by their hatred of Mr. Gladstone, he "sins against the light." Verily for him and his associates there must one day be a sharp awakening.

#### THE MANIPUR DISASTER.

THE disaster which has fallen upon our arms in the dim regions between the Brahmapootra and the Irrawaddy recalls that of Isandlwana in its tragic completeness. For some years a partial tutelage has been exercised by the Chief Commissioner of Assam over the small independent native state of Manipur, wedged in between Assam and our

recently acquired territory of Upper Burmah. The late Maharajah, who seems to have wielded some authority over the wild tribesmen of the Manipur hills, was decorated for services rendered to the Indian Government in 1879. Only last year he was deposed by a rival, under circumstances possibly not altogether understood. Either with a view to the restoration of Chandra Singh, or in order to restore tranquillity by promoting the accession of a capable ruler, Mr. Quinton, the Commissioner of Assam, seems to have determined to proceed to Manipur with twelve Europeans and an escort of 470 Ghoorkas. The accounts of what followed are at present confused and indefinite. It is "surmised," states a Calcutta telegram of the 31st of March, "that Mr. Quinton was seized at the house of Mr. Grimwood, the British Resident, while the main Ghoorka guard was located in the cantonment at Langthabat, four miles away." The fate of the Commissioner and the Resident is not yet known, but it is stated that the escort was practically annihilated, only a few fugitives having succeeded in reaching Kokima. Failure of ammunition is one of the causes assigned to the disaster; but, in a country so difficult and intricate, other adverse military conditions may evidently have combined to bring it about. Of fighting men the insurgent Manipuri chiefs doubtless dispose of large numbers, and it is believed that Kuki irregulars may have joined in the attack upon the escort. A force of 470 excellent troops, as the Ghoorkas abundantly proved themselves, if well posted, adequately supplied with ammunition, and not caught unawares, would evidently be able to account for a vastly superior force of undisciplined, half-armed tribesmen. The public will therefore expect full particulars of the circumstances which have resulted in disaster so complete. Was the condition of the wild country, into which these 470 native troops were plunged, sufficiently realised? Why was there a failure of ammunition? It is to be hoped that full and satisfactory answers to such questions as these will be forthcoming, and that the first inevitable impression—that again, as so frequently, an uncivilised foe has been underrated—may prove to be incorrect.

The news will not affect public imagination so profoundly as the Zululand tragedy, where a British battalion was almost destroyed; but strong sympathy should surely be felt for our brave little Ghoorkas, who have fallen far from their homes, in a dispute of which they could know nothing. Again, the obscure politics of a remote and uncivilised people will entail upon us serious results. With adjacent Burmah, still by no means completely pacified, it is clear that this severe blow to the British arms must be avenged without delay, and it is satisfactory to know that the Government of India is able and willing to act promptly. Prestige is, too often, a fetish in the name of which political crimes are committed; but, on the frontier of India and of Burmah, it is clear that no sign of weakness or hesitation is permissible. It is by prestige, in the sense in which the millions of Asia can alone understand the idea, that India is at present held. Thus there must be another small war; another object lesson in Algerian tactics; probably another considerable annexation of territory, for the connection between Assam and Upper Burmah must sooner or later be cemented. These with further possibilities follow from the disaster of the 24th of March. Now, as always, "the beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water," and perhaps the only moral is the heavy responsibilities which rest with the political department of the Government of India and its frontier agents.

## BRITISH McKINLEYISM.

THE fact that wide stretches of salt water divide the various portions of the British Empire is of itself no reason against an Imperial Zollverein. Great Britain and Ireland are separated by the sea, and yet there is a complete fiscal union between them, which we believe will survive the grant of Home Rule. But fiscal union implies a common customs tariff and, in addition, a uniform system of excise. We could not admit arrack from Ceylon, or "Cape Smoke" from South Africa without toll, unless we were assured that they had first paid a similar excise duty in their country of origin as spirits of the same alcoholic strength manufactured in England. But in the two Colonies mentioned, and in many others, it is impossible to impose anything like our own heroic scale of liquor excise. In Ceylon, for example, every peasant can, if he will, manufacture spirit in his own garden without instruction and without machinery. Here in England, on the other hand, a peasant could no more provide himself with a drink of whisky than he could provide himself with a Swiss watch; hence we can tax his liquor up to three or four hundred per cent. of its value without appreciable risk of illicit distilling, whereas in our tropical, as, also, in our sparsely populated Colonies, the evil of illicit distilling is created when a ten per cent. excise is exceeded. Here, then, we perceive that there must be one great exception to the dream of Imperial Free Trade. And if we pursue the inquiry we find the same reasons applying in the case of the other staples of our customs tariff—tea, tobacco, and wine. We must either except them from the scheme or assent to the ruin of our most flourishing and vital heads of internal revenue. It remains to inquire whether we can arrive at any common agreement with our Colonies as to the taxing of other and less dubious articles of commerce? We apprehend not. In the more primitive Colonies direct taxation is impracticable for many reasons, among them being the real weakness of the Executive and its lack of contact with the native mind, whence the necessity of an elaborate and often onerous tariff for revenue purposes. In the more advanced Colonies such a tariff is insisted on as vital by the politicians, but for other reasons—namely, in order to foster native industry, and, as it is believed, to enhance wages. Let anyone read the endless pages of the Colonial tariffs in the "Colonial Office List" and consider whether we here in England, accustomed as we are to the free importation of almost everything we want, could agree to the sort of tariff which such Colonies as Canada or Victoria would insist on. The thing is perceived to be absurd upon a moment's reflection. If it were feasible, a common tariff, representing an irreducible minimum assented to by forty parties to a common bargain, would entail the strangest fiscal consequences. The proud would be abased, and the humble would be exalted. The Mother Country would encash less by a long way than its fair share of revenue, and must be not only inconvenienced but half ruined, unless indeed all the Customs-takings were paid into a common fund, and redistributed on the basis of population. There is hardly an Imperialist alive who would persist in the hope of complete inter-Imperial Free Trade, once he perceived the more salient of its consequences. He would be constrained to take refuge forthwith in the advocacy of limited reciprocity between the Mother Country and the various fiscal confederacies into which the several groups of our Colonies are about to fall. But here again he is at once headed off by the most obvious objections. Take for example the case of a

federated Australia, with a drastic protective tariff suggested from Melbourne, applauded from Sydney, and acquiesced in, perhaps sullenly, by the landed interests and the minor Colonies. The bargain, we suppose, would be, that if we let in Australian wool, mutton, and such things free, they would admit our manufactures on the same terms. But the Australian worker has a rooted belief that all English manufactures are made by "pauper labour." He reads of everything that passes in England, and has come to the not unsound conclusion that, in the bulk, the men over here who would cozen him into reciprocity are the men who are hounding on the federated employers to smash the Unions, and thus make the pauper labour at home more helpless than ever in its struggle against starvation wages. Would this consideration incline him to give a listening ear to the tempter? No one who knows Australia, whatever his politics, can suppose that any proposal of the kind would meet with the smallest acceptance. In Canada it would be the same. The Canadian Liberals have definitely declared for commercial union with the States, and are no longer in a position to entertain the question of commercial union with the Mother Country. And, as for the Conservatives, the backbone of their party consists of the manufacturers, who would be ruined by the competition of English goods. There remains South Africa; but Canada and Australia having rejected our overtures, it would be only by making a hostile bargain against the two latter that we could hope to obtain favourable terms for our trade from South Africa, and there we already enjoy 74 per cent. of the trade—the other 26 per cent. being mainly a trade in goods which we could not supply, except as middlemen. And what a result would be here! Would this be "Imperial Unity through the tide-waiter"? Shall we declare industrial war against ten millions of Canadians and Australians in order to gain some infinitesimal favour from one million of Afrikaanders? But, bleeding and staggering, your true Zollverein-man still gasps out the mystic words "Hofmeyr proposal." And a very nice proposal that was! As we understand it, what M. Hofmeyr wanted was that we and the Colonies should put a duty of two per cent. *ad valorem* on everything coming from a non-British port—the proceeds being spent in "Imperial defence." The United Kingdom would have collected six millions in this way, and the Colonies about two millions—the eight millions being thrown into a common fund for "Defence." If this means that eight millions additional is to be spent in defence, we reply that quite enough is being spent already. If it means that the eight millions is to go towards the thirty-six or thirty-seven millions already being spent in that way, we can only remark that the Colonial contribution of two millions could be more conveniently provided by direct grants to the Imperial exchequer. Indeed, on the conditions assumed, it would be well worth our while to forego the two millions of Colonial subvention, rather than again fetter our commerce by the chains of a universal *ad valorem* tariff. All our arrangements of commerce, correspondence, and credit—the very form of our docks and wharves—presuppose the rapid unloading of vessels, free from the delay and formality of Custom-house rummaging. To resort to the arrangements of the days of Huskisson and Peel would involve the derangement of our whole mercantile system, the reconstruction of our water-side works, and an annual charge for an increased customs staff equal to more than half the additional revenue collected. In fact, a Zollverein in every and any form is mere midsummer madness. Let us talk of something else.



## THE MORAL OF THE CENSUS.

THE numbering of the people of these isles, which will be taken to-morrow, Sunday, will be a useful, if not a brilliant, feat of statistics. We began census-taking rather later than most nations, and we have never perfected the art. To begin with, we do our enumerations at too long intervals. Democracies walk by sight as well as by faith, and probably not even the Rev. Mr. Baxter would to-day count a frequent totting-up of the sum of our human wealth as worthy the fate which befell the first great census-holder. Wealth may have stopped leaping and bounding, but population has not, and a decennial census is obsolete long before its term has run. Being obsolete, it makes for ignorance and social and electoral injustice. A redistribution Bill passed in 1900 would have to be based, not on the existing distribution of voters, but on that which obtains to-morrow. And we must not set our hopes too high as to the results. We shall have in the census of 1891 the small beginnings of a real industrial census. For the first time the enumerators will be able to inquire, not merely as to occupation, but whether the citizen is an employer or an employed, whether he works for himself or no, whether he is *rentier* or proletariat—a “man of means” or a man of hand-to-mouth toil—and whether he and his are living in less than five rooms.

These are advances in their way, though we must observe that neither in the range of inquiry, nor in the vivid personal colouring which the private investigator employed, will our public census compare with the brilliant survey of the London labour-world which Mr. Charles Booth, himself a member of the Census Committee, has initiated. Mr. Booth employed the School Board visitors, whose business it is to watch year by year the growth of the little plants which are in due course taken off to be tended awhile in the State forcing-houses. The result was that he got a rare insight into the lives of the people—their characters, their food, their habits, their periods for dropping in and out of the labour market—the whole fabric of their citizenship, as it were. The registrars, on whom the burden of the census falls, are more remote from the things that pertain to “human nature’s daily food,” and their methods will necessarily be more formal, as well as infinitely less leisurely.

Still more meagre will our returns look when we compare them with the mighty volumes that record the quinquennial inquests which the United States Government provides, at a maximum cost of some three million dollars. The American figures are subject to suspicion on some counts; and we have to make allowance for the sensitive reticence of our people as compared with the more childlike frankness of its younger offshoot. It is hard to imagine a state of things which would enable enumerators and heads of labour bureaux to get an exact return of the *divorcées*, and to record the crimes of the gentleman who was divorced because he would not wash himself; and of another culprit who, after doing no work in the week, outraged all wifely sentiment by toiling in his working-dress on Sundays. But on the whole it is impossible to deny the vast superiority of the body of social knowledge with which the States supply their statesmen and economists. One vital inquiry—vital because it is the whole crux of the labour question—is omitted in the English census, while it appears in the American returns, viz., the time employed during the census year. Of our out-of-works and our casual labourers we take no account, just as, officially, we neglect to show the extent to which the evil of pauperism bites into the life, and virtually saps the

old age, of our manual workers, until it absorbs a third of the nation’s womanhood. “Are you able to read or write?” is another pertinent inquiry of the American enumerator, and it is followed by “What is the attendance at school of your children during the census year?”—a fact of vital importance to the subject of child labour, but totally ignored by our enumerators.

More delicate ground is touched in the special American schedules that deal with the physical and mental health of the people, the less palpable as well as the more striking phenomena of disease, to which a whole school of modern science and literature are devoting a wealth of passionate research. The schedule which records the returns of “defectives” is really a comprehensive enrolment of the afflicted in mind, body, or estate. It includes prisoners, convicts, homeless children, paupers, cripples, the insane, the blind, the disabled, and the bedridden. Answers are difficult to obtain, and there is a suspicion of inexactness which mars the scientific usefulness of the return. Our own enumerators confine themselves to chronicling the extreme physical and mental defects of insanity and idiocy, and the obvious afflictions of the deaf and dumb; and in the present state of the “social consciousness” it would be hard to say that they are wrong.

It is, however, on the labour side that the poverty of our census arrangements is evident. The American census is of two characters—personal and industrial. It involves, in addition to the house-to-house inquiries, a minute inspection of factories, coupled with a return of the wages paid during the year, the average number of hands employed—of males above sixteen and females above fifteen, as well as of children and young persons—and a survey of the whole industrial position and methods of the employer. Railway corporations, telegraph and telephone companies, insurance offices, are all compelled to open their books to the State official. The acreage of the various crops, the output of metals and minerals, the entire productive resources of every State of the Union, are laid bare to the public eye. The reason for the wider scope of the American census is obvious. It is linked with a magnificent permanent system of National and State Bureaux for the collection of labour statistics, under which the State Legislature is yearly presented with a complete and minutely elaborate chronicle of the progress of the labour world. In these volumes strikes, boycotts, child labour, the hours of workers, the development of labour organisations, the homes of the toilers, are in turn made the subject of elaborate and most sympathetic inquiry. They form a library of labour literature, and are the textbooks of legislators and social reformers. The ideal which the State Commissioner sets before him is as a rule singularly high. “An industrial census,” says the Commissioner for New York State, “should give us the hours, the wages, the families, the ages, and occupations (of the workers); their health as affected by callings, the methods of business, the stoppages of trades, with the reasons for hard times.”

To show our own position we need only compare this magnificently endowed body of research with the miserable state of our Labour Department, with its staff of “one man and a boy,” and its ludicrously incomplete survey of the vast field it has to cover. The American statesman, at all events, has not to go for his facts to half a dozen brilliant but necessarily out-of-date essays by statistical experts. His material is kept at once fresh and abundant; his people’s tears are, in the grand old Hebrew phrase, put in a bottle. And in this noble ambition to know he has left us far behind. For us the moral of the census is—“Wanted, a system of Labour Bureaux and a Ministry of Labour.”

## A WORKER'S TIME-TABLE.

WE are believed to possess some of the most gifted statisticians in the world, and yet it is clear that for scientific record-taking we are mere babes at figures. Take the last Board of Trade return on the hours of work in the chief branches of our industries. It is a huge mass of numerals, unsafe as a guide for politicians and economists, not because the men who compiled it are unskilful, but because they possess no proper machinery for their work. No corner of a single Government Department, working without local organisations, and dependent simply on the good-will or the interested motives of selected classes of employers and employed, can present us with a complete time-table of the workers of Great Britain. Apparently it has had no time to add up its columns, or strike the averages for the trades, or provide us with a thorough and regular classification of their various branches. It is a shrewd comment on the poverty of our statistical resources that the best piece of work in the return is the appendix, which we owe to the Miners' Federation, and which depicts the life of the underground toiler with singular clearness. However, if there is no full harvest of knowledge, there are some gleanings for which we cannot be too thankful.

In the first place, the return is a fairly "meliorist" document. It establishes the progressive shortening of the average day. This is true of all the trades enumerated, with the significant exception of the railway men, and the "sweated" or home industries, which do not come under the eye of the State, and are not subject to the pressure of trade unions, new and old. Setting these aside, we find what was to be expected in face of the combined action of the nine hours movement and the Factory Acts, viz., an average reduction of the working day from more or less than ten hours, to more or less than nine, or, as the return prefers to take it, from a sixty hours week to a fifty-four hours week. These, of course, are the standard hours, and take no account of overtime, so that they represent a somewhat conventional estimate of the length of the labouring day. What overtime may mean is obvious from the late return on the hours of railway servants, with whom a working day of twelve hours was, in the case of drivers, firemen, and goods guards, stretched out, for over eighty per cent. of the workers, to a much higher limit, reaching to as many as twenty hours. Other exceptions of import are those which show (1) that the six days working week is not yet established (a) even in continuous work of exceptional hardship, such as that of twenty-five per cent. of the furnacemen in the iron and steel trades, who only enjoy an alternate Sunday's rest in a week varying between 63, 72, 84, and 96 hours; (b) with the railway men as well as with the tram and bus workers, whose cruel story is unrecorded here, though there were ample materials for telling it; (2) that specified classes of leisurely toilers, such as dock gatemen (who occasionally work 105 hours a week), have by far the longest spells of duty; (3) that while the lowest hours worked in any trade are those of the Northumberland and Durham miners, who have got well below the eight hours limit, they have purchased their economic freedom at the price of the slavery of their boy assistants, whose weekly tale stretches to sixty and sixty-six hours; (4) generally that the different departments of many trades have no common time-table, but that the hours vary as widely as those of separate centres of the same industry, or of totally distinct industries, this being notably the case with miners and iron and steel workers; and (5) that in times of "season pressure," e.g., harvest work, a sixty hours week may be in-

creased to the tune of twenty or thirty per cent. *Exceptis excipiendis*, however, the rule is clear. In the forty years covered by the returns (1850 to 1890) the tale of a day's work has gone down from ten to nine hours, including meal-times, the most conspicuous fall occurring as a rule in the last two of the five decades selected, a period which corresponds strikingly enough with the rise of the political power of the citizen. Thus the hours of the agricultural labourer all over England were about sixty in 1850, and were about fifty-four in 1890. The same is broadly true of the dockers, the building trades, including the bricklayers, though the carpenters are tending gradually to an eight hours day, of the painters, of the stonemasons, of the coachbuilders, and of the printers. The tailoring and boot trades have benefited enormously by the absorption of their employment in the great industry, but there is still a sweated margin of perhaps ten per cent. of home workers.

Here, and in the case of the textiles, we see the beneficent operations of the Factory Acts, and their indirect regulation of the hours of the adult male labourer, dovetailing in with the prescribed limit of the female worker. In the textile factories the Acts have brought down the standard hours of the trade to the women's limit of fifty-six and a half a week; in the case of the tailors we witness a change from a twelve-hour to a ten- or a nine-hour day. Another kind of moralising influence is seen in the tendency of a trade to assimilate its margin of leisure to the highest yet attained. In some cases, however, there are curious survivals of evil practice. There is a notable example of this in the Birmingham bakers, who count an eighty or ninety hours week against the limit of fifty-four which in London we owe to the great strike movement of 1889. The soul of Mr. Smiles should rejoice within him at one conspicuous example of the beauty of self-help. On the whole, Scotland, with traditional canniness, has generally outstripped both Ireland and England in the "struggle for rest." Thus she has pruned down an English working day of ten hours to nine, and of nine to eight, a very significant proof of the ability of a cultured working class to attain a higher standard of comfort and leisure than their less educated brethren. The hours of miners present a pretty economic riddle. Generally—excepting Northumberland and Durham, which resist the eight hours legal day, under the probably mistaken impression that it might lengthen out their own labour—they average over eight hours a day "at face work"—beginning between five and six in the morning—and sometimes over nine, though these figures are exceeded in the case of their boy-helpers. Finally, we note that agricultural labour divides itself habitually into summer and winter work, the latter consisting of a "dawn to dark" day, the former of a ten hours tale.

The blot on the whole report is the hours of the railway men. Forty years of proletarian fight, of trade law, of humane industrial examples, have brought them little relief. Signalmen, guards, engine-drivers, nearly all classes of railway servants, enjoy a "standard" working week of seventy-two hours. Mr. Giffen's return brings out the peculiar hardship of a class which typifies more than any other the advance of material civilisation. In many trades the working man's meal-hour is specified. The railway worker's food, like his rest, is, as the report indicates, snatched in the pauses of the thunderous din of his toil—he is bound to the wheels of the mighty machine he serves. Surely, since by some unhappy set-back in the stream of tendency he has been left behind in a period which has witnessed not only a stupendous increase in the world's working power, but a sensible economy of its time, it is not too much to ask the country to make good his loss.



## CHRONICLE OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

THE political calm of the Easter holidays has been rudely disturbed by four or five sensational incidents—none, it is to be hoped, of lasting importance. Besides our own troubles (as yet unexplained) in Manipur, Bulgaria has lost its Minister of Finance in mistake for its Premier; Italy has suddenly broken off diplomatic relations with the United States; there are grave labour troubles in Pennsylvania; in Greece a serious attempt, which may perhaps stand over till November, is being made to impeach M. Tricoupis, and the motion to do so has just been referred to a judicial commission by a vote of 60 to 30; the chief ground alleged is that 57,000 francs received from the loans he issued are unaccounted for; a Ministerial crisis is impending in Portugal—but that, at least, is nothing new; Servia is hinting that she can only meet her financial engagements by violating her commercial treaties; and the reports from Chili are less hopeful than ever.

On the evening of our Good Friday, M. Belcheff, the Bulgarian Minister of Finance, was assassinated in the park at Sofia. No doubt is entertained that he was mistaken for M. Stambouloff, the Premier, with whom he was walking, nor (outside of Russia and France) that the murder was the work of Russian agents. It is true, indeed, that not only has M. Stambouloff had numerous and bitter enemies ever since he directed the Provisional Government in the interest of Prince Ferdinand, but the Panitz trial last year made him many more; and neither the anarchists recently expelled, nor the Greeks of Macedonia who see their own nationality in that country threatened by the appointment of Bulgarian bishops, have much reason to wish him well. But the charges against the Panslavists and Russian agents so persistently repeated from Vienna are supported by the recent discovery of a plot against the Bulgarian Government directed by the Russian, Major Bendereff, and the alleged arrangements among the Panslavists in Servia and Roumania for a movement towards the Bulgarian frontier; and most of all by the clumsy attempts of the Russian press to point the moral that Bulgaria is a prey to faction, which only a Russian occupation can remove. However, M. Stambouloff has got his chance, and has promptly arrested two hundred and fifty of his political opponents, among them M. Karaveloff, a former Premier of Russian sympathies, and head of the rival Government at the time of Prince Ferdinand's accession. But is it not time for the Powers to recognise Prince Ferdinand, and so help Bulgaria to obtain stability?

The sudden withdrawal of the Italian ambassador from Washington would be more intelligible if it had taken place under the Ministry of Signor Crispi. As it is, it lays the Italian Government open to the charge of ignoring the nature of a Federation. Obviously the Government primarily concerned is that of the State of Louisiana, which the Italian Ministry can only get at through the Federal Government. Now in the famous Macleod case in 1841—which arose out of the Canadian rebellion and nearly led to war with England—it was clearly laid down that "in all cases except those defined in the Constitution and those coming clearly within the law of nations the States have exclusive jurisdiction, and the trial and punishment of offences against them are incident to their separate sovereignty." If this is the accepted doctrine when the accused is a foreigner and the victim a native, so must it be in the converse case, and the treaty of 1871 gives Italians in America precisely the same protection as American citizens, and no more. The conduct of Italy may be a serious matter for them. If they retaliate, the services of an ambassador may be more necessary than ever. Still, as the *Nation* has pointed out, the matter has brought out a defect in the Federal system which might be remedied, following a precedent set after the Macleod case, by remov-

ing all criminal cases in which aliens are concerned into the Federal courts. The rupture may partly be due to the tradition in America that the ordinary courtesies of diplomacy are not necessary in dealing with the effete monarchies of Europe; though Mr. Blaine's reply, published on Friday, is certainly temperate and sensible enough.

The Italian Premier has intimated (in an interview) his devotion to the Triple Alliance; but as further economies (to the extent of two million francs) are demanded by the Treasury, and the Ministry is pledged to impose no new taxation, his professions seem unpractical. Even the *Times* correspondent, in his interesting letter of Monday, contemplates the withdrawal of Italy from it; and the remarkable article by "A Continental Statesman" in the *Contemporary Review* this month insists on the share the rupture of commercial relations with France has had in producing the present distress, and predicts that an unsuccessful war would certainly cause the overthrow of the monarchy. Mr. Dering's valuable and hopeful report to the Foreign Office on Italian finance does not include the damaging corrections which Signor Luzzatti has made in the Budget estimates of his predecessor.

The Commission of Inquiry into the alleged atrocities in Abyssinia—two chairmen of which have successively resigned—has taken important evidence in Italy, and is to sail for Massowah on April 9th. The arrest is announced of Adam Aga, the chief of a band of native auxiliaries, and alleged by Livraghi to have been the chief agent in "removing" prisoners it was desired to get rid of.

Writing from Rome on March 23rd, Signor Bonghi says:—"In my last letter I told you that we were on good terms with Menelek, and that the question of the frontier in Tigré between Italy and Abyssinia was settled. But it appears that my 'highest authority' was misinformed, or that the hopes which it had entertained have been falsified during the last few days. For the papers published yesterday the following official news: 'Doubts having arisen between the Government of Italy and that of Ethiopia as to the meaning of Article 17 of the Treaty of May 2nd, 1889, the Royal Government, in October, 1890, sent Count Antonelli to the Court of Menelek for the purpose of negotiating on the point. Not having been able to establish accord between the two parties, Count Antonelli thought it advisable to break off the negotiations by taking leave of the Emperor in February last. Count Antonelli has recently arrived at Zeila, where he will embark on the *Archimede*.' This Article 17 reads thus:—'His Majesty the King of Kings of Ethiopia agrees to avail himself of the Government of His Majesty the King of Italy in all relations which he may have with other Powers and Governments.' So he refuses our protectorate; and so falls another jewel from the crown of Signor Crispi. I believe, moreover, that our friend Menelek is no more in accord with us in regard to the frontier that our generals lay claim to in the Tigré, and which they consider absolutely indispensable for the safety of our possessions."

The fall of the Crispi Ministry has indirectly led to a serious financial crisis in Leghorn. Signor Corradini, the head of a firm of large wholesale dealers in grocery and drugs, had speculated largely in sugar, expecting that the "catenaccio" law would cause a rise in price. On its rejection, the Crispi Ministry fell; and the firm failed, bringing with it a local bank (with many small depositors), and, it is feared, an important sugar refinery at Ancona. Signor Corradini and another of the persons chiefly concerned have committed suicide, and widespread distress will result—a serious matter in view of the multitude of unemployed in Italy. From Genoa also it is reported that the Fratelli Lavarello, ship-owners concerned principally with South America, have suspended payment.

Political news from France is wholly absent. Paris has been given up this week to science. Astronomy and surgery have each had its Congress

and applied economics has been represented by M. Leroy Beaulieu's effective attacks (in the *Débats*) on M. Méline's Protectionist report on the proposed tariff, and by the International Congress of delegates representing 909,000 miners, which began its sittings in Paris on Tuesday. Mr. Abraham, Mr. Pickard, Mr. John Wilson, and Mr. Burt, are among the English delegates—forty-one in number, out of a total of ninety-nine. Austria, Germany, Belgium, and France are the other nations represented. The formation of an International Federation of Miners, and the agitation for an eight hours day by a general strike if necessary, have been the principal subjects of discussion. Reports that the Duke of Orleans was in Paris in disguise have been met by telegrams announcing his arrival at Tiflis.

Prince Bismarck's birthday on Wednesday was marked by numerous presents and congratulations. But the Emperor was at Stettin, and his letter, which has been awaited with so much curiosity, was conspicuous by its absence.

Count Taaffe has arranged to carry on the Government with the aid of the coalition described last week—German Liberals 110, Poles 54, and possibly Conservatives under Count Hohenwart, 78 in number. This will at any rate tide over the approaching Budget debate and after that, fresh combinations may be possible. Herr Rieger, the fallen Czech leader, is to be nominated to the Upper House.

The treaty of commerce between Austria and Germany is said to be on the point of signature, and will serve as a basis for similar treaties with Belgium, Servia, Roumania, and Switzerland, thus paving the way for a Customs Union of Central Europe, obviously an important factor in preserving peace.

The *Times* has now a special correspondent in Chili, whose strongly Balmacedist telegrams introduce new perplexities into our view of the situation. The elections to Congress have resulted in favour of the President, who now has a naval force. The officers and men of the English squadron are reported to sympathise with the so-called insurgents. These latter still hold the nitrate districts, and decisive battles by sea and land are reported to be imminent. But the end still seems remote.

The figures of the United States Census, now published for all the old Slave states except Mississippi and South Carolina, indicate (according to the *New York Nation*) that the supposed rapid increase of the coloured population between 1870 and 1880 was due rather to the defects of the census of 1870 than to the fecundity of the negro race. For between 1880 and 1890, in every state of which the returns are yet published, the whites have made a larger absolute increase than the negroes, and in all but Arkansas and West Virginia a larger relative increase. In these two cases the coloured population is relatively small, and has been much increased by immigration; while in several of the old Slave states it shows a considerable decline.

#### THE MAN AND THE REPRESENTATIVE.

NO book of recent days has contained material of greater interest than that in which we are made acquainted with the various literary enterprises by means of which John Murray the Second built up the great publishing house which still reigns supreme in its own special department. It is not with the book as a whole that we wish to deal here, but with one chapter in the second volume which tells a story unique of its kind in the annals of English journalism. This is the story of the foundation and appearance of the ill-fated *Representative*, the newspaper which for six short months attempted a vain rivalry with the *Times*, and which at the end of that brief period quietly expired, regretted by nobody, and leaving Mr. Murray a sadder man and a poorer to the tune of six-and-twenty thousand pounds. It is not Mr. Murray, however, who is the hero of this "won-

drous tale," but a young gentleman of the Jew race, who was at that time barely twenty years of age, and who in his dealings with Mr. Murray, and other persons of still greater note in the world, gave his contemporaries the first hint of that unrivalled capacity which in the end was to carry him to the Premiership and an earldom. It is wonderful indeed, this tale of the clever boy who made the shrewd publisher open his pockets and pour out his gold like water; who gravely discussed the future of his country and the means of saving the great Tory party with Sir Walter Scott, and who placed himself on a level of perfect equality with men like Canning and Lockhart. For sheer audacity, nerve, impudence—if one may use the word when writing of such a person—there has been no tale like this in the history of English journalism; and if it does nothing else, it throws an almost dazzling light upon the real character of the man who was for years the leader, and who is still the idol and saint, of the Tory party.

The story begins in the summer of 1825, when the brilliant young Hebrew proposed to Murray the establishment of a great Conservative daily paper, of which he was to be the director and part proprietor. Murray had long been thinking of some project of the kind, and he listened eagerly to the flattering tale told by the boy. Mr. Benjamin Disraeli had, it appeared, "a friend in the City." This friend was an "eminent financier," whose eminence seems, however, to have been revealed to nobody but Mr. Disraeli himself. His name was Powles, and he was prepared—according to Benjamin—to take a considerable share of the pecuniary risk which the starting of a daily paper in rivalry to the *Times* necessarily involved. Nor was this all. Mr. Disraeli himself was also prepared to put down a handsome sum of money—on paper—for the attainment of the same object. Accordingly one day in August, 1825, a solemn agreement was signed in Mr. Murray's room which may well be transcribed here in full:—

"London, August 3rd, 1825.

"The undersigned parties agree to establish a Morning Paper, the property in which is to be in the following proportions, viz.:—

|               |     |              |
|---------------|-----|--------------|
| "MR. MURRAY   | ... | One-half.    |
| "MR. POWLES   | ... | One-quarter. |
| "MR. DISRAELI | ... | One-quarter. |

"Each party contributing to the expense, capital, and risk in these proportions."

The curious thing is that Mr. Murray does not seem to have made a single inquiry before signing this document as to the financial position of either of his partners. He took them upon trust—fascinated by the clever youth who had succeeded in fooling him to the top of his bent. If he had made any inquiries he would have discovered that the "eminent financier" was by no means one of those whose word is as good as their bond, and that Mr. Benjamin Disraeli, so far from having a large capital at his command, was an impecunious boy whose debts were already beginning to weigh heavily upon his spirits. Never surely was a shrewd and prosperous publisher duped more easily and more completely than was poor Mr. Murray by this brace of adventurers.

To the publisher, however, his word once passed was binding. No sooner had he signed the precious agreement we have quoted than he began to carry out his part of the bargain in perfect honour and good faith. He found the funds for the preliminary expenses, and young Disraeli was despatched to Edinburgh for the purpose of securing the services of Mr. Lockhart as the editor of the new paper. Lockhart's father-in-law, Walter Scott, was also to be interested in the scheme, and induced, if possible, to give it his support. Intensely interesting are the letters in which the "Director" of the *Representative*—it was Disraeli who suggested the name—reported the progress of his negotiations to his partner in London. At the outset a somewhat chilling incident occurred. Lockhart was staying at his country cottage, Chiefswood, near Abbotsford,



and Disraeli having announced his approaching visit, received a friendly invitation to the place. But when he reached Chiefswood and found himself face to face with Lockhart, he was received with a cold reserve which, for the moment, abashed him. The fact was that Lockhart, who had never heard of young Disraeli, had conceived that it was a visit from Mr. Isaac Disraeli, the highly respectable author of "The Curiosities of Literature," which he was about to receive. His surprise was great when the guest he had invited proved to be a beardless boy whose most prominent characteristic was the unbounded assurance which led him to place himself on a footing of absolute equality with his seniors and his betters. For a moment "everything looked as black as possible," wrote Disraeli to Murray. But it was only for a moment. The young Jew would never have become Prime Minister if he had not possessed the power of ingratiating himself even with so reserved and self-contained a man as Lockhart. He exercised all his charm of manner and gifts of fascination, and the result was an unequivocal success. "In a few hours we completely understood each other, and were upon the most intimate terms." Nor was this all. Lockhart, having surrendered himself an easy victim to the tact and skill of this ideal *chevalier d'industrie*, forthwith brought him into close connection with Sir Walter Scott, and the latter in his turn succumbed just as unreservedly to the brilliant boy who represented himself as the envoy of a great political party. For weeks Disraeli stayed on at Chiefswood, holding many consultations both with Lockhart and his father-in-law, and there does not seem to have been a question in the mind of either of the Scottish gentlemen as to the perfect good faith of their visitor. Perhaps they might have been startled if they had been permitted to dip into Mr. John Murray's letter-bag and to read the epistles in which the father of their young friend, Mr. Isaac Disraeli, poured out his thanks to the publisher for his kindness in giving his boy such a chance. "I know nothing against him," said the happy parent, "but his youth—a fault which a few seasons of experience will infallibly correct; but I have observed that the habits and experience he has acquired as a lawyer often greatly serve him in matters of business." (It is to be hoped that Mr. Disraeli senior knew nothing at this time of that "agreement" by which the wonderful youth and his City friend had undertaken to find half the capital required for the new newspaper.)

Even Benjamin Disraeli, however, could not induce Lockhart to undertake the editorship of the *Representative*. Journalism was not fashionable in those days, and Scott bluntly declared that he could not allow his son-in-law to lose caste by sinking to the position of a newspaper editor. "It is very true," writes Scott to Murray, "that this department of literature may and ought to be rendered more respectable than it is at present; but I think this is a reformation more to be wished than hoped for, and should think it rash for any young man, of whatever talent, to sacrifice, nominally at least, a considerable portion of his respectability in society in hopes of being submitted as an exception to a rule which is at present pretty general." The taint of Grub Street still clung to the mantle of the "writer for the periodical press," and Scott would have none of it for his son-in-law.

So Benjamin Disraeli, his delightful experience as envoy extraordinary to the Chief of Abbotsford and his little court at an end, came back to town and plunged into other arrangements for the production of the great paper. He employed an architect—who happened to be his own cousin—to prepare the plans of an office which was duly erected in Great George Street; he engaged foreign correspondents, sub-editors, even reporters (congratulating himself on securing an old *Times* hand); he described the paper as "the focus of the information of the whole world," a phrase which pleased Mr. Murray so much that he forthwith made it

his own. He again went to Scotland to try and shake the resolution of Mr. Lockhart not to become editor of the paper, and as the day for the first appearance of the *Representative* approached, he made himself more busy than ever in providing for its many wants. And then, within a week or two of the birth of the great paper, he suddenly disappeared from view, and the *Representative* knew him no more.

What had happened? Nothing very remarkable when one is dealing with a typical adventurer, a genuine *chevalier d'industrie*. He and his "City friend," Mr. Powles, had entered into a formal agreement with Mr. Murray, on the strength of which the last-named gentleman had provided a large amount of capital, spent money freely, and incurred heavy responsibilities. The time had come when his two partners must fulfil their share of the bargain—when, in short, they must put down the ready money which they professed to have at their command. Not a penny could either of them produce. They had spent six crowded months of "glorious life;" young Disraeli had travelled like a prince, had been hail-fellow-well-met with some of the most illustrious persons in Great Britain; had distributed patronage far and wide among great and small—not forgetting his cousin, the architect—and having thus enjoyed himself at Mr. Murray's expense for half-a-year, was now prepared to decamp and leave his victim to extricate himself from the mess as best he could.

Mr. Murray was very angry—naturally. He had been imposed upon by a clever, an audacious, and an entirely unscrupulous adventurer. If he had been wise he would have thrown up the whole business at once. But he was an English gentleman; he had pledged his word, and he, at least, would not betray his trust. So in due time he started the *Representative*, though without the aid of the clever young man who had led him into the scheme; and after six months of a dismal experience, he let the paper die, having lost his six-and-twenty thousand pounds. He had not concealed his opinion of Benjamin Disraeli's conduct in the matter—though in the "Life" that opinion is but obscurely hinted at. Now, the usual thing happened. Disraeli senior turned upon his son's benefactor, and abused him roundly for his treatment of the precious youth. He even announced his resolve to publish a pamphlet detailing the wrongs which the latter had suffered at the hands of Mr. Murray. But a judicious friend—who was also a solicitor—intervened. He advised Mr. Isaac Disraeli to read that agreement of the 3rd of August, 1825, which has already been set forth here. Mr. Disraeli followed the advice, and there was, of course, an end of the business. Not even the fondest of parents could maintain the honesty of his son after reading that document and putting beside it the record of actual facts. And who among those who knew the truth, and who shared Mr. Murray's indignation at the trick which had been played upon him, could ever in those days have imagined that the impudent trickster who seemed, young as he was, to have his steps set in the way which usually leads to the Central Criminal Court, was destined in the fulness of time to become not only the leader but the idol of the Tory party?

#### AN EAST-END TRAGEDY.

THERE is a certain cynical habit of mind which, by a strange irony, springs from our organised charity. When the impulse of alms-giving runs wild, when people dispense their bounty without discrimination, they fall an easy prey to the undeserving poor. Probably no vocation commands such a wealth of ingenuity as that of the professional beggar, and there is little prospect that his peculiar industry will be rooted out by the machinery of

inquisition. But when charity is distributed systematically, when it depends on inquiry, when all the circumstances of the application are carefully sifted and reported upon before the purse-strings of the benevolent are loosened, such depths of duplicity are revealed that the most charitable disposition often hardens into incredulity. Dissimulation is one of the few weapons which poverty can wield against wealth, and in the moral code of the poor it is not very surprising, perhaps, that deceit should come to be regarded as legitimate strategy. But the moral judgment which is founded on this fact, the diatribes against the ingratitude of the poor, their envy and greed, the assumption that every social movement which aims at the mitigation of economic conditions will simply prove to be a stimulus to revolutionary discontent, leave out of account a multitude of lives which are spent in mutely heroic fortitude. The story of George Burrett throws a vivid light on this side of existence in the dark places of a great city. It comes to us by chance. The mother of this boy was left with four children, and no means of subsistence, except the few shillings which a lad of thirteen earned as a printer's devil, and which, when the rent was exacted every week, left just two shillings for all the necessities of life. She was not a widow. Her husband had disappeared. His work in the building trade took him into the country, and it may or may not be true that he was driven into the workhouse by the severe winter. What responsibility lies upon him it is impossible to determine, but his wife refused to be his judge. Whether he was vicious or whether he was unfortunate, she did not care to know. It was the rule in this hapless family that there were to be no hard words about the man who, for some reason, had ceased to provide for his children's support. The last injunction George Burrett received from his mother was that he must do nothing "that would get his father into trouble." Of the food which came from his scanty earnings this devoted woman took so little that she virtually starved herself to death for the sake of her children; and but for the accident that a humane doctor was struck by the intelligence of this lad, the whole story would have passed into the vast chaos of unrecorded tragedies.

This is the point which touches us most nearly. Kind-hearted people are much moved by George Burrett's tale, and whatever charity can do to befriend him, and help him on in life, will unquestionably be done. Probably he wonders not a little at all this emotional ferment on his behalf, as well as at his sudden good fortune. It was no particular marvel to him that he was the sole breadwinner of his family, that his father ceased to send any money, and that his mother sacrificed herself rather than appeal to the world. He took it all as part of the established order of things. This was life as he knew it. There may have been comrades of his in the printer's business who were in straits quite as sore. He does not appear to have made his case known to his employer. The habit of misery and struggle was too widely spread in his experience to suggest to him that his lot was exceptional. The neighbours had their own troubles, and took no special interest in his. The landlord, who pocketed three-fourths of this boy's earnings every week, never dreamt of inquiring into the condition of the family. It is not the province of landlords at the East-End to make themselves personally acquainted with the sufferings of their tenants. Such inquiry would be too painful to sensitive owners of property. Rookeries must belong to somebody, and their occupants cannot live in them for nothing; so it is natural that the landlords should live in ignorance of the privations on which they levy their dues. To remit the rent would be quixotic. To take it and, at the same time, proclaim to the world that those who pay it are dying of starvation, would invite that troublesome criticism which hurts a landlord's feelings without

affecting the law of supply and demand. It was better, then, to avoid these academic questions of moral responsibility by taking George Burrett's shillings, and evading any contact with the disagreeable starvation which follows the payment of rent. In Ireland transactions of this kind excite political controversy and deprive innocent landlords of their incomes. But in England a case like George Burrett's is not the slogan of a party, and starving mothers do not appear on magic lantern slides. "Mother made me do it," said the printer's boy when he described how he ate the lion's share of the family loaf. Six slices of bread a day were the lion's share; and when there was a twopenny meat pie, "after eating a bit" this mother would "stop and say it was very filling, and one didn't want much of such good food, and she would give the rest to the children." There may come a time when incidents like these will determine the fate of bye-elections; but the landlord who takes the shillings without looking into such wretched details may go on pocketing his lawful rents with a comfortable sense of security.

The moral of this history is plain enough. To snatch one brand from the social Inferno does not satisfy us that "all's right with the world." It is well to collect money for this boy, to commend his precocious manhood, to sing psalms over so notable a rescue; but the sensation will pass away, and people will forget that George Burrett is no isolated prodigy, and that the brave unselfish woman who gave her life for her children is only one of an army who march daily to silent and secret martyrdom. It is this thought that strikes us with a chill sense of hopelessness when we review even the most promising schemes of social regeneration. In Manipur there is a handful of English captives for whose release the whole resources of the Empire would, if necessary, be employed. In London there is a multitude of prisoners held fast in the bonds of despair in the pathless jungle of poverty, and no one can guess who amongst them will ever see the light of freedom. For most of us this is an impenetrable solitude of wretchedness. Here and there the earnest labour of a few willing hands has effected a deliverance. From time to time the public sympathy is stirred by appeal, or repelled by the sectarian bitterness of men who cannot conduct forlorn hopes into the wilderness of misery without the small jealousies of pulpits. Philosophical professors rave in pamphlets against plans of redemption which do not conform to interminable volumes about the survival of the fittest. And the unfit deny themselves food to save their young, and die without the solace of knowing that they are sustaining a scientific theory.

#### A GREAT ARTIST.

WE have heard the words "great artist" used so often and so carelessly that their tremendous significance escapes. The present is a time when it is necessary to consider the meaning, latent and manifest, of the words, for we are about to look on the drawings of the late Charles Keene.

In many the words evoke the idea of huge canvases in which historical incidents are depicted, conquerors on black horses covered with gold trappings, or else figures of Christ, or else the agonies of martyrs. The portrayal of angels is considered by the populace to be especially imaginative, and all who affect such subjects are at least in their day termed great artists. But the words are capable of a less vulgar interpretation. To the select few the great artist is he who is most racy of his native soil, he whom to look on or to read brings the very taste of the soil into the mouth, he who has most persistently cultivated his talent in one direction, and in one direction only, he who has repeated himself most often, he who has lived upon himself the most avidly. In art,



eclecticism means loss of character, and character is everything in art. I do not mean by character personal idiosyncrasies; I mean racial and territorial characteristics. Of personal idiosyncrasy we have enough and to spare. Indeed, it has come to be accepted almost as an axiom that it does not matter much how badly you paint, provided you do not paint badly like anybody else. But instead of noisy idiosyncrasy we want the calm of national character in our art. And national character can only be acquired by remaining at home, saturating ourselves so thoroughly in the spirit of our land until it oozes from our pens and pencils in every slightest word, in every slightest touch. Our lives should be one long sacrifice for this one thing—national character. Foreign travel should be eschewed, we should turn our eyes from Paris and Rome and fix them on our own fields; we should strive to remain ignorant, making our lives mole-like, burrowing only in our own parish soil. There are no universities in art, but there are village schools; each of us should choose his master, imitate him humbly, striving to continue the tradition. And while labouring thus humbly, rather as handicraftsmen than as artists, our personality will gradually begin to appear in our work, not the weak febrile idiosyncrasy which lights a few hours of the artist's youth, but a steady flame nourished by the rich oil of excellent lessons. If the work is good, very little personality is required. Are the individual temperaments of Terburg, Metz, and Peter de Hooch, very strikingly exhibited in their pictures?

The paragraph I have just written will seem like a digression to the careless reader, but he who has read carefully, or will take the trouble to glance back, will not fail to see, that although in appearance digressive, it is a strict and accurate comment on Charles Keene, and the circumstances in which his art was produced. Charles Keene never sought after originality; on the contrary, he began by humbly imitating John Leech, the inventor of the method. His earliest drawings (few if any of them are exhibited in the present collection) were hardly distinguishable from Leech's. He continued the tradition humbly, and originality stole upon him unawares. Charles Keene was not an erudite, he thought of very little except of his own talent and the various aspects of English life which he had the power of depicting; but he knew thoroughly well the capacities of his talent, the direction in which it could be developed, and his whole life was devoted to its cultivation. He affected neither a knowledge of literature nor of Continental art; he lived in England and for England, content to tell the story of his own country and the age he lived in; in a word, he worked and lived as did the Dutchmen of 1630. He lived pure of all foreign influence; no man's art was ever so purely English as Keene's; even the great Dutchmen themselves were not more Dutch than Keene was English, and the result is often hardly less surprising. To look at some of these drawings and not think of the Dutchmen is impossible, for when we are most English we are most Dutch—our art came from Holland. These drawings are Dutch in the strange simplicity and directness of intention; they are Dutch in their oblivion to all interests except those of good drawing; they are Dutch in the beautiful quality of the workmanship. Examine the rich, simple drawing of that long coat or the side of that cab, and say if there is not something of the quality of a Terburg. Terburg is simple as a page of seventeenth-century prose; and in Keene there is the same deep, rich, classic simplicity. The material is different, but the feeling is the same. I might, of course, say Jan Steen; and is it not certain that both Terburg and Steen, working under the same conditions, would not have produced drawings very like Keene's? And now, looking through the material deep into the heart of the thing, is it a paradox to say that No. 221 is in feeling and quality of workmanship a Dutch picture of the best time? The scene depicted is the honey-

moon. The young wife sits by an open window full of sunlight, and the curtains likewise are drenched in the pure white light. How tranquil she is, how passive she is in her beautiful animal life! No complex passion stirs in that flesh; instinct, and only instinct, drowns in her just as in an animal. With what animal passivity she looks up in her husband's face! Look at that peaceful face, that high forehead, how clearly conceived and how complete is the rendering! How slight the means, how extraordinary the result! The sunlight floods the sweet face so exquisitely stupid, and her soul, and the room, and the very conditions of life of these people are revealed to us. The husband I do not remember well, but the little wife is very Dutch.

And now, in a very rough and fragmentary fashion, hardly attempting more than a hurried transcription of my notes, I will call attention to some three or four drawings which especially arrested my attention. In No. 10 we have a cab seen in wonderful perspective; the hind wheel is the nearest point, and in extraordinarily accurate proportion the vehicle and the animal attached to it go up the paper. The cabman turns half round to address some observation to the "fare," an old gentleman, who is about to step in. The roof of the cab cuts the body of the cabman, composing the picture in a most original and striking manner. The panels of the cab are filled in with simple straight lines, but how beautifully graduated are these lines, how much they are made to say! Above all, the hesitating movement of the old gentleman—how the exact moment has been caught! and the treatment of the long coat, how broad, how certain—how well the artist has said exactly what he wanted to say! Another very fine drawing is No. 11. The fat farmer stands so thoroughly well in his daily habit; the great stomach, how well it is drawn, and the short legs are part and parcel of the stomach. The man is redolent of turnip-fields and rick-yards; all the life of the fields is upon him. And the long parson, clearly from the university, how well he clasps his hands and how the very soul of the man is expressed in the gesture! No. 16 is very wonderful. What movement there is in the skirts of the fat woman, and the legs of the vendor of penny toys! Are they not the very legs that the gutter breeds?

No. 52: a big, bluff artist, deep-seated amid the ferns and grasses. The big, bearded man, who thinks of nothing but his art, who lives in it, who would not be thin because fat enables him to sit longer out of doors, the man who will not even turn round on his camp-stool to see the woman who is speaking to him; we have all known that man, but to me that man never really existed until I looked on this drawing. And the treatment of the trees that make the background! A few touches of the pencil, and how hot and alive the place is with sunlight!

But perhaps the most wonderful drawing in the entire collection is No. 89. Never did Keene show greater mastery over his material. In this drawing every line of the black-lead pencil is more eloquent than Demosthenes' most eloquent period. The roll and the lurch of the vessel, the tumult of the waves and the wind, the mental and physical condition of the passengers, all are given as nothing in this world could give them except that magic pencil. The largest figure, the man that the wind blows out of the picture, his hat about to leave his head, is not he really on board in a gale of wind? Did a frock coat flap out in the wind so well before? And do not the attitudes of the two women leaning over the side represent their suffering? The man who is not seasick sits, his legs stretched out, his hands thrust into his pockets, his face sunk on his breast, his hat crushed over his eyes. His pea-jacket, how well drawn! and can we not distinguish the difference between its cloth and the cloth of the frock of the city merchant, who watches with such a woeful gaze the progress of the gathering wave? The weight

of the wave is indicated with a few straight lines, and, strangely enough, only very slightly varied are the lines which give the very sensation of the merchant's thin frock coat made in the shop of a fashionable tailor.

It has been said that Keene could not draw a lady or a gentleman. Why not add that he was neither a tennis player, a pigeon shot, a waltzer, nor an accomplished French scholar? The same terrible indictment has been preferred against Dickens, and Mr. Henry James says that Balzac failed to prove he was a gentleman. It might be well to remind Mr. James that the artist who would avoid the fashion plate would do well to turn to the coster rather than the duke for inspiration. Keene's genius saved him from the drawing-room, never allowing his gaze to wander from where English characteristics may be gathered most plentifully—the middle and lower classes.

I find in my notes mention of other drawings quite as wonderful as those I have spoken of, but space only remains to give some hint of Keene's place among draughtsmen. As a humorist he was certainly thin compared to Leech; as a satirist he was certainly feeble compared to Gavarni; in dramatic, not to say imaginative, qualities he cannot be spoken of in the same breath as Cruikshank; but as an artist was he not their superior? G. M.

#### EASTER MONDAY.

“WHAT a strange thing that seems to be which men call pleasure!” said Socrates on the morning of the day of his death. His fetters had just been struck off, and the relief was pleasure—a pleasure connected with pain—indeed, caused by it. One feels every Bank Holiday some such wonder. Why is it pleasant to a man to eat sandwiches, cut rather thick, from a repulsive newspaper in a snow-storm on Hampstead Heath? Why does another go too far or too fast on his cycle? Does pleasure lie in a brisk engagement with an artillery corps which, if it only knew it, has previously been entirely annihilated? Was it in pursuit of pleasure that one impetuous soul, having made himself exceedingly drunk, drove a donkey, a barrow, and a cargo of dear comrades into a lamp-post in the Pimlico Road? Is pleasure the reward of those who dance in the Baronial Hall of Rosherville Gardens, or of those who listen through the reek of the music-hall to these beautiful words:

“It eyn't so much the thing 'e sez,  
It's the nawsty wye 'e sez it”?

Some of these actions seem rational, and some less rational; one man chooses athletic exercise, and another cheap dissipation, but the aim of each of them is change. Change is pleasure. One has heard of the 'bus conductor who took one day's holiday, and spent the whole of it in riding on another 'bus; but one may believe that such cases are rare. Even here we see the instinct in a rudimentary state; the man chose a different 'bus. We do not understand pleasure, but we know at least this much, that to get pleasure we must first get change. We know this, and we act upon our knowledge; we probably know a little more than this, but we do not act upon our further knowledge, or we should not, through inebriety, drive donkeys into the lamp-posts of the Pimlico Road. For instance, we know that it is possible to pay too much for a penny whistle; it is not worth while to get very tired or very drunk, if we have to go to work early on the following morning. We know too that those pleasures are the most valuable which last longest, which keep sweetest in the memory; now drunkenness is not generally said to charm by the recollection of it, and for this reason it might almost be as well if we did not get drunk at all. Perhaps we are improving in this respect. At any rate it is estimated that there were a hundred

thousand votaries of the thick sandwich and the open air on Hampstead Heath on Easter Monday; but there were only seven cases at the Hampstead Police-court on the following Tuesday.

“Where was the quiet, where the promised rest?” asks Charles Lamb's “Superannuated Man” in speaking of his short holidays. “Before I had a taste of it, it was vanished.” A Bank Holiday—except for those who live very cleverly—is too short for any pleasure except arranged pleasure, and arranged pleasure generally means hurry and fatigue. There is nothing like the pleasure which comes suddenly and unasked; it is quiet and peaceful enough, and it comes mostly to those who have leisure and culture. I have but one day before me; I carry out my programme; I go vehemently upon a bicycle and endure sandwiches and snowstorms; but you, in your beautiful house in the country, can afford to wait; a spring morning comes at last, filled with exaltation; it is warm enough to sit out of doors in the sunshine; you take your pipe and your book and make yourself comfortable in a lovely garden; you should be reading Horace, I think:—

“Diffugere nives, redeunt jam gramina campis,  
Arboribusque comæ:  
Mutat terra vices et decrescentia ripas  
Flumina prætereunt.”

You, in this supposed case, have pleasure and rest: I have merely a Bank Holiday. And, oh, the difference! It is perhaps a merciful dispensation that those who enjoy most the dance in the Baronial Hall of Rosherville Gardens are not those who would enjoy most the “Horace” and the drowsy spring morning, far removed from turnstiles and band-stands.

“The prospect of its recurrence, I believe,” to quote Charles Lamb once more on the subject of the holiday, “alone kept me up through the year, and made my durance tolerable.” This is the point of the Bank Holidays. They are something ahead, something to which it is pleasant to look forward; they make the durance tolerable. Of course we are pleased at seeing the fireworks, seeing the new piece at the theatre, or acting in a warlike manner at Brighton. But we are still more pleased at knowing that we are going to do any one of these things. The pleasures of the imagination, of anticipation, have the additional advantage of being harmless. It was not anticipation, but realisation—and rather too much of it—which left one middle-aged woman “lying along the footway” of the Strand on Monday night, or which caused the little accident with the donkey in Pimlico Road. Perhaps it might be better, on the whole, if those who kept Bank Holiday carried their anticipation a little further—if they took rather less thought for the Monday and rather more for the Tuesday following.

#### A RAMBLER IN LONDON.

##### XXXV.—ST. JAMES'S STREET.

I HAVE written these magic words, and they have promptly conjured up a vision of an old gentleman of Hebrew aspect who says, “Don't forget that I called St. James's Street ‘that celebrated eminence.’” Who could forget it? You cannot stand a moment at the top of the street without observing gentlemen enveloped in cloaks—for they are in evening dress—emerging from club-houses, manifestly going into politics, poetry, and romantic passions for ladies with remarkable names, just like the hero of “Endymion.” The illusion is heightened by the circumstance that live statesmen are quite plentiful. There goes the hope of a party—that loose-limbed nobleman, with a florid countenance and a dogged stride; and there is a right honourable gentleman of portly presence who thunders nightly at the enemy; and here is a troop of legislators who



are obviously weighed down by anxiety for the country's weal. They are emerging from their club-houses, where they have snatched a hasty and frugal meal before responding once more to the call of Parliamentary duty. I am sometimes privileged to enter one or two of these palaces, and I am always struck by a singularity in the furniture. Some of the chairs are hard, uninviting, with straight backs and narrow seats. When I inquired with undisguised amazement what purpose they could serve in a club which was in other respects luxuriously appointed, I was told by a member of Parliament that they were maintained for the use of senators who preserved themselves from the seductive doze and the enervating nap in the midst of a national crisis.

These club-houses are a great trouble to me. When a fair country cousin insists on being taken down St. James's Street, in order that I may point out to her the various clubs, and epitomise their respective traditions, I get hopelessly confused. I have repeatedly transported the Athenæum from its august site and planted it at White's, where, I am told, any unusual consumption of note-paper is likely to expose a member to the injurious suspicion of literary tastes. To remember the precise situations of Arthur's, Boodle's, and the Thatched House has always been too great a mental strain. On one occasion, in a spirit of mischief, I told my companion that the Devonshire was the Pelican, and the New University the Corinthian, and I was rewarded by hearing the lady remark to an ancient and highly starched relative, from whom I have (or, rather, had) expectations, that she had seen him emerging from the Pelican and entering the Corinthian on that blessed afternoon when I imparted this knowledge. But it is curious how indifferent, and even hostile, some people are to flights of fancy. I excited the ill-nature of a friend by observing of a glimpse of Hyde Park that there was "an occasional illusion of an illimitable distance of sylvan joyance," and asking him whether his spirit was "allured to gentle thoughts," and whether he noticed any house that might become for him "a favourite and elegant abode." A certain satirical coolness in his manner was not in the least abated when I told him that these were quotations from the inimitable description in "Tancred" of Piccadilly and its "accessories."

But who has sauntered in St. James's Street in the early morning (by which I mean about half-past nine) without feeling that peculiar freshness which the "celebrated eminence" can assume in spite of its far-receding past? I never cared much for the country when I could see the cow in St. James's Park, and could walk up the sunny side of St. James's Street—turning into Jermyn Street for a button-hole at the florist's, and a glimpse of the dairy. To contemplate a water-cart, if the weather is warm enough, and the fair Academy student on her way to Burlington House; to glance at the pictures in the print-shops, and the quaintly decorative designs, and the latest knick-knacks in various windows—these are pleasures which cannot be surpassed by rural simplicity. I am never tired of the contrast between the smart print-shop at the top of the "eminence" and its ancient competitor at the bottom. In the one you have a dazzling combination of hunting sketches and ladies of the ballet, suggestive of the sports and pastimes with which the gentleman enveloped in a cloak, for he is in evening-dress, may refresh a mind weary with cares of State. There is some concession here to the mere passing phases of contemporary fashion—the reigning beauty of the burlesque stage, or the latest touch of political caricature. But in the other shop you have the uncompromising past, the queer old prints of ladies in incredible gowns, the warriors and statesmen who used to tread the "eminence" in wigs and swords, the sentimental domestic interiors which delighted our foremothers and brought a tear of sensibility to the eye of the most abandoned rake. I never fail to admire the aquiline noses of those heroes who are represented

by the artist in the act of receiving the enemy's sword, or with a cocked hat in one hand and a map in the other, and a naval combat in the background gently shaded off by a curtain. How is it that our soldiers nowadays do not possess the high and commanding features which look out of these prints with such an air of consummate satisfaction? I want to call at St. James's Palace, and ask the Duke of Cambridge to explain this decline of martial picturesqueness, and the undue predominance of the snub-nosed Saxon in the army, navy, and reserved forces.

From an æsthetic point of view, the Palace always displeases me. It looks too much like the club of the gentlemen in uniform who march up and down in front of it. Nay, at times it sinks lower still, and suggests a pretentious mews, from which you expect to see hansom cabmen emerging enveloped in mackintoshes, for the night is wet. When under the influence of this impression, I preserve my respect for a Royal pile by remembering that in this Palace dwell the Exons who have the right of commanding the body-guard of the Sovereign, and of entering the regal presence in circumstances of peculiar privacy. I have only a vague idea of these remarkable privileges, but it serves to save the foot of the "eminence" from plebeian commonplace. In these democratic times it is not always easy to maintain one's illusions, and I have frequently been grateful in a moment of despondency to a detachment of the Household troops with glittering breastplates and waving plumes, or even to a blast of the French horn from a coach-and-four. But there is no doubt that you get the real glamour of St. James's Street by viewing the "sparkling equipages," "the cavaliers cantering up the hill" ("Tancred" again) from a club-window—let us say the very window from which Barnes Newcome surveyed his uncle and cousin, and made those observations which excited the wrath of Sir George Tufto. It is wonderful what a club-window does for one's self-respect; how clearly you see from it the true gradations of society; how it helps you to estimate the real proportions of reformers marching in procession to Hyde Park; and how it cultivates the belief that far too much energy and moral excellence is wasted on fads and useless attempts to readjust society. For St. James's Street represents the dominance of the system which looks so unalterable from the club-window. Why, if it were overthrown, what on earth would become of the club-houses, the names of which I cannot remember? They might be turned into coffee-taverns or State stores! Impious thought! The phantom of the old gentleman of Hebrew aspect will never condescend to visit me again!

#### THE JACKSON CASE SETTLED OUT OF COURT.

BY A REVIEWER OF NOVELS.

HERE we have a story of intrigue which recalls the *Bow Bells* novelettes, and sufficiently contradicts a recent statement that with Wilkie Collins died the last of the novelists with plots. Unfortunately, the comparison between Mr. Jackson and the author of "The Woman in White" can be carried no further. Wilkie Collins, in his most audacious moments, was always possible; but Mr. Jackson, we are sorry to say, is impossible. He offers us a "realistic" story that is too big for the swallow of the most advanced romancist. Let it be understood that we are far from wishing to treat Mr. Jackson (whose name as a writer of fiction we do not remember to have met with before) severely, but we have an old-fashioned belief that novelists should know just a little of the subject they are writing about. It would prove useful. For instance, had this too daring writer thought fit to buy a modicum of legal knowledge—say, six-and-eightpence

worth—this farrago of farce and melodrama would never have been written.

At the risk of getting no thanks from the reader, let us in a few words summarise Mr. Jackson's tale. It is written in the first person (to add to the realistic effect) and has for its chief characters a young married couple. The opening chapters, which deal with the lives of these two people before marriage, are comparatively quiet and by no means prepare us for the extraordinary scene that follows the wedding. The couple have got no further from the church than the door when the husband leaves his wife and departs for Australia. And why? An experienced novelist would surely have given a strong reason why, but Mr. Jackson's ingenuity fails him just where it is most wanted to give his story a semblance of reality, and his hero goes away to the other end of the world merely because his wife requests him to do so. So far as we can see, Mr. Jackson's aim is not farce, but we confess that had not duty forced us to read on we should here have flung the story aside. To resume, our hero remains some time in the colonies, and then returns home. His wife, however, will have nothing to do with him. She has "changed her mind," and insists that she and he must live apart. Again does Mr. Jackson fail to let us know the cause of this amazing decision. So little does he know of the female mind that he thinks a woman would behave thus out of sheer "cussedness." Where he spent his life before he took to novel-writing we have no means of guessing, but it must have been in some place where women were only conspicuous by their absence. We can assure Mr. Jackson that in such circumstances no woman would have behaved as his heroine does. A woman knows too well how a married lady who does not live with her husband is regarded to desire that arrangement even when there are reasons for it, and to make her insist on it merely because she has "changed her mind" is to outrage possibility. Surely, the most superficial knowledge of the sex would have shown Mr. Jackson the wisdom of at least making his husband and wife quarrel before they separate. In a fit of pettishness women have left their husbands before now—to be promptly sent back by their relatives. Mr. Jackson, however, actually represents the lady's relatives as approving of her conduct and encouraging it! Nothing could be more untrue to life, unless it is the over-coloured scene that follows. The husband, determined to assert his undoubted rights, kidnaps his wife as she is leaving church, thrusts her (after a struggle) into a cab, and goes off with her to his house, where, with locked doors, he withstands a siege by her relatives. Could anything be more unreal? To begin with; no man would ever have thought of kidnapping his wife as she was leaving church. Again, had he done so, the lady would have remembered "appearances" too much to think of struggling. Thirdly, the assault would have been witnessed by the public, who would at once have put a stop to it. As for the siege, it could not have taken place. The lady would have seen that she must do as her husband wished. Even had she remained obdurate, her relatives would have seen the propriety of leaving the young couple severely alone.

We shall be asked by such readers as have followed us so far, how this impossible story ends. The end is worthy of the two scenes at the church doors. An appeal is made to law with the result that—what result, think you? Why this, that the lady's conduct is upheld, and the hero is told that he must grin and bear it! Such is Mr. Jackson's law. We have come across strange legal decisions in novels and plays before now, but this, in an expressive vulgarism, takes the cake.

Except for this comical ending, we cannot even give Mr. Jackson credit for originality. The separation immediately after the marriage is old and stale, though we never remember its being done by any

other novelist in so unlikely a manner. The kidnapping is obviously taken from a well-known French source. The siege is, of course, Mr. Stevenson's. But how differently did the novelists of experience treat such episodes! They made them read true; while Mr. Jackson's story is impossible from first to last, and can afford entertainment to none, save perhaps to lawyers with a sense of humour. In conclusion we must remind Mr. Jackson that fiction, no less than the play, is meant to hold the mirror up to nature, and that there ought to be some little resemblance between the persons of the novelist's imagination and those whom one meets in real life. His story need not necessarily be about what has happened, but it must be about something that might happen.

#### THE MORALITY OF SELFISHNESS.

RENAN tells us, in his autobiography, that he has been obliged to give up the habit of riding in omnibuses, because the struggle for a place grates upon his finer feelings. He cannot bear to push in front of other people. This speaks volumes for Monsieur Renan's character. Few men object to struggle for pre-eminence. It is usually taken for granted that selfishness lies at the root of social life; that, without selfishness, the work of the world could not be carried on; that there is an eleventh commandment, not engraved on tables of stone, but written on the tablets of men's hearts, bidding each one fight for himself, his wife, and his children, and absolving him from all blame if in doing so he tramples other people's belongings into the dust.

In civilised society this duty of being selfish is not unpleasantly obtruded. Like many other ugly things, it is covered with a few coats of varnish, to make it look decent and respectable. Savages may snatch tempting morsels from each other's mouths, but cultivated persons must observe certain rules of decorum. These rules are not very strict, and are occasionally intermitted. When people find themselves among absolute strangers they consider themselves free to behave as they please. At *tables d'hôte* the savage instinct of securing dainty morsels shows itself, sometimes in quite unexpected quarters. Admirers of human nature there may observe things which will astonish them, if they set themselves to watch. In travelling, as Monsieur Renan realised, to his cost, it is much the same. A gentleman who treats his wife and daughters with the utmost kindness will see a tired girl carrying her bag pass the window of his compartment half a dozen times, and abstain from telling her that the seat on which he has thrown a pile of rugs is only reserved for his own feet directly the train is in motion. Women are equally regardless of the comfort of strangers; and neither sex can afford to throw stones at the other.

Conduct of this sort, however, is not considered blamable. Charity begins at home. Human beings must put food into their own mouths, else they will starve. Men find wives for themselves, not for their neighbours. They bring up their own children, clothe their own backs, and buy their own graves, if they do not actually dig them. From the first moment of existence to the last, selfishness is the law by which they live. Mrs. Jellyby, poor woman! is a perpetual warning, a scarecrow dressed up to frighten those foolish persons who hope to benefit some other beings besides themselves before quitting the planet.

This reasoning sounds plausible, and in certain crises of life comes with a good deal of power. When we are tempted to be absurdly generous, or to forget our own interests for the sake of furthering those of our next-door neighbour, it is pleasant to remember that selfishness is a duty. Some people cannot feel sure that it is so. They never feel sure of it, in spite of the plausible reasoning. Instead of being based upon selfishness, it seems to them that society



is so framed as to fall to pieces when men cease to take thought for each other. They need not thrust food down their neighbours' throats; but if they wish to avoid painful consequences, they must use precautions to keep those neighbours from starving. A man who disinfects his house reaps no possible benefit unless he provides that the family who live next door have appliances to do the same. His own precautions may be excellent, but they will not prevent him from dying of small-pox.

Nature resents the endeavours which human beings make to be selfish. She is never sentimental, and enforces her lessons by very rough-and-ready discipline. The whole race is bound together in solidarity, and she is determined that one portion shall not prosper unless all are treated with fairness. We are like men climbing a mountain and tied to each other by a rope. If one slips, all are in danger of falling.

Many people refuse to believe in the solidarity of the race. Even the Poor Law and the School Board do not convince them of it. They believe firmly in the great doctrine of "Devil take the hindmost." It has made, so they assert—but not so loudly as they used—England what it is. What made England a gridiron of railways? What made Manchester and Stalybridge? Why, "Devil take the hindmost;" so they answer, but not quite so confidently as they used.

Has selfishness indeed received a blow at headquarters? or is it but breaking out in a fresh place? Is there any moral difference between the selfishness of a body of men aiming at their own corporate advancement and that of an individual bent on making his pile? How easy it is to ask questions!

The case for selfishness is made much stronger by the imbecility of Good Nature. It is astonishing what a hold the notion that a kind-hearted man is a fool has got upon the English people. Anybody who has seen *A Pair of Spectacles* at the Garrick Theatre will know what we mean. Mr. Hare's acting is beyond praise, but to be asked to admire the character he plays is an insult to one's understanding.

Too many people cannot be got to see that an inability to refuse unreasonable demands is not due to unselfishness, but to feebleness of moral fibre. Feeble persons of this kind are slaves to a tyrant all their lives. Directly one persecutor disappears, and their friends think they are having a happy release, another is put in his place. It is useless to argue, to tell them that they are committing a kind of intellectual suicide, that true unselfishness imposes upon us the duty of asserting our own rights almost as often as the duty of yielding them. They are born to be slaves, and no arguments will convince them of their folly.

Then we get tired of the language of enthusiasts who preach counsels of perfection. Thomas à Kempis told his disciples to seek always the lowest place and to be inferior to everyone. Some of the noblest men the world has ever seen have followed this advice literally, and ended by having greatness thrust upon them unawares. But we are not all born to be heroes and saints. Such maxims, if carried out on a large scale, would prove subversive of discipline. Nature is a wiser, if a rougher, teacher, and says to everyone, "Take care of yourself, for that is imperative, and of the man next you, for that is also imperative, else you shall both come to destruction."

Hard-working men were the first to understand that selfishness could not help them. Women are now beginning to see that their strength lies in union. But, so far, class has combined against class. Perhaps the same ideas may afterwards be worked in a wider, more generous way—no longer women leaguely together against men, the poor against the rich, but all classes combining to help each other. We shall then be spoken of as having lived in the Dark Ages, when human beings supposed it was necessary to be selfish in order to prosper.

## THE DRAMA.

SCENE: the office of a New York stock-broker. Time: half an hour before business closes for the day in Wall Street. The room is furnished with patent revolving desks, patent pigeon-holes, patent letter files, patent telephones, every kind of patent apparatus for the convenience of gamblers in stocks and shares. Outside we seem to hear the ceaseless hubbub of "the Street," and every time the swing doors open it is to let in a whiff of the money market, scraps of talk about bulling, bearing, and booming. The air is thick with wild and whirling integers, minute fractions, "one-eighth of one per cent.," and as full of "quotations," though not of the same sort of quotations, as *Hamlet*. Learning that a drama is to be enacted in this room, where will you look for it? In the patent desks and pigeon-holes? No; for that would be the old paper-chase drama of Sardou, a play which is now played out. At the end of the telephone? No; for we have already had the telephone-drama in the French *Allô! Allô!* and some minor English variants, and our present drama is to be something quite new. Where then? Do you see that little piece of clock-work, brazen in more senses than one, steadily click-clicking under its glass dome, and vomiting—like the conjuror in the familiar trick—yard after yard of pale blue tape? That tiny machine is the very focus, the nerve-knot, of the drama, whose ins-and-outs, ups-and-downs, crises and catastrophes, are all—as the drapers say of their goods—"marked in plain figures" on the tape. Rather a complicated matter, you suspect, for the lay mind to follow, the fluctuations of the money market being incomprehensible save to experts? Not at all. The thing is as simple as A B C. All you need to bear in mind is that if the figures 65 appear on the tape, and remain there till the half-hour is up, Mr. Nicholas Vanalstyne, sen., instead of being, as now, the most powerful of American millionaires, will be a beggar. The Napoleon of finance (it is Mr. Vanalstyne himself who uses this figure, borrowing it, unwittingly no doubt, from the hero of an older money-market play, Balzac's *Mercadet*) will have found his Waterloo. The Wellington of the occasion will be no other than his own son, Nicholas, jun., who is scheming to enrich himself at his father's expense, by "bearing" the "Henrietta" mining-stock which his father is "bulling." To conquer the father and reign as Napoleon II. in his stead, Nicholas, jun., has not scrupled to steal his business secrets and even the securities which he keeps as a reserve; and the son has chosen to-day for his grand *coup* because the father is absent on a yachting trip. Now watch the tape. At first slowly, then with a helter-skelter rush, the Henrietta quotations recede, until at last the fatal 65 is reached, and the old man returns to find himself ruined, while his son insolently triumphs and offers to "make him an allowance." But the half-hour is not up yet. It wants still ten minutes to closing-time in Wall Street, and in that brief interval the tables are turned by Bertie Vanalstyne, a youth as foolish as his brother Nicholas, jun., is sharp-witted, but as good-hearted as his brother is unscrupulous, who offers his own little fortune to save his father's credit. Again the tape goes click-click, and when the half-hour is up, Vanalstyne stocks, recovering "by leaps and bounds," have risen above par, the millionaire is saved, and Nicholas, jun. (who has had premonitory symptoms of heart-disease in the earlier acts) falls dead from the shock. But nothing stops the tape. As the corpse lies there, the silence of the deserted office is broken by its inexorable click-click—a sound more eloquent than many moralisings from the reverend grey-beards who usually preside over stage death-scenes. It is the voice of Fate, the throb of the "great mundane movement," the "roaring loom of time" worked by electricity and put under a glass case. Click-click! The man on the floor there is dead. Click-click!

The other man has kept his millions. Click-click! Shadows we are and shadows we pursue. Click-click!

This is the effective finale to the chief scene of *The Henrietta*, a play by Mr. Bronson Howard, which, after a long career in America, has now been transferred, with every prospect of success, to the stage of the Avenue Theatre. If only for this ingenious incident the play is well worth seeing, but the tragic close of the scene is preceded by a comic interlude, equally good in its very different way—an interlude which Mr. Bronson Howard has borrowed, and improved in the borrowing, from his own earlier play, *The Old Love and the New*. In that play a Yankee speculator makes a proposal of marriage to a widow, in a sort of parenthesis between two references to his account-book. Something in this way:—"Indigo 73½, shirtings 41—will you marry me, Mrs. Brown?—Canadian Pacifics 95½," etc. In *The Henrietta* the millionaire proposes to a widow, Mrs. Cornelia Opdyke, between two references to the tape in the stockbroker's office. Whispering a coy "Yes," the lady sinks back, as she thinks, into his arms, but only to fall, with a bump, on the floor; for unhappily, at that moment, her preoccupied suitor has returned to the tape. And then the lady, maddened by the *spretæ injuriæ formæ*, stalks out of the room, shouting "No! no! no!"—while the house is one roar of laughter.

These are the plums of the play. The dough—supplied by the woes of Mrs. Nicholas, jun., by a rather stale equivocal name "Henrietta," and by a conventional caricature of a worldly parson—is of very inferior baking. Nor does Mr. J. L. Shine quite realise the humorous possibilities of Bertie Vanalstyne, the New York "dude" whose Anglomaniæ would perhaps have been more plausible if the actor had been an American. (I concede that Mr. Shine has a difficult problem to solve, a difficulty of the sort presented by the epicene disguises in Elizabethan drama. An Englishman has to pretend to be an American who is pretending to be an Englishman—*Oh ma tête!* as M. Lemaître says.) But Mr. Waller is very good as Nicholas, jun., Miss Fanny Brough is delightful as Mrs. Opdyke, and Mr. W. H. Vernon brings his ripe experience and consummate tact to the part of Nicholas, sen. Much might be said about the character of this New York millionaire, a curious compound of generosity and greed, a man who ruins half a continent in order to bring one widow into his power; who suspends gigantic financial operations in order to talk sentiment about a canary; who gives his wedded daughter the dowry of a princess, and then tries to win it back from her by a deceptive Stock Exchange "tip"—but I leave this bloated capitalist to the tender mercies of the Fabian Society.

A. B. W.

## THE WEEK.

MR. GLADSTONE will, we understand, write an article on the Life of Mr. MURRAY for *Murray's Magazine*. The article will derive special interest from the fact that Mr. GLADSTONE is the last survivor of the brilliant men of genius who were made known to the reading world by JOHN MURRAY the Second. If the Liberal leader should include in his article some of his own reminiscences of Mr. MURRAY and his clients, his contribution to the history of the great house in Albemarle Street will be a very valuable one.

THE readers of MOORE's "Life of Byron" will remember the simple and touching epitaph which the poet wrote for his natural daughter ALLEGRA, and which he wished to be engraved on a marble tablet and placed on the wall of Harrow Church, as near as possible to a similar tablet on which he had been accustomed to gaze when, as a schoolboy, he had sat in

the gallery. It will usually have been taken for granted that this injunction was complied with, and it is with no little indignation that we learn from DR. SMILES's biography of MURRAY that it was set at naught. The vicar, the REV. J. W. CUNNINGHAM, objected to admit the inscription, though he did not quarrel with the tablet, and, finding his objections unheeded by BYRON's representatives, instigated the churchwardens to a protest which excluded both tablet and inscription. "The remains of ALLEGRA," says DR. SMILES, "after long delay, were at length buried in the church, just under the present door-mat, over which the congregation enter the church; but no memorial tablet or other record of ALLEGRA appears on the walls of Harrow Church." Is it not time that there should?

THE appearance in DR. SMILES's memoir of a letter from ISAAC DISRAELI to the publisher in response to the latter's congratulations on the birth of the future LORD BEACONSFIELD, raises expectation of the vexed question respecting the statesman's birthplace being decided at last. Alas! the letter, except by the day, is not dated. Within eighteen months, however (May 31, 1806), comes another letter dated from King's Road, i.e., the house at the corner of John Street, Bedford Row, in whose favour recent biographers have usually decided, and whose claim must now be held to be strongly confirmed.

"WHEN they do agree, their unanimity is wonderful!" MR. MURRAY's publications are in general very correctly printed, but when a misprint does occur it is enough to take one's breath away. Gifford is made to say (Vol. I., p. 404), "I never much admired the vaunt of *Draconianism*: 'And all this I dare do, because I dare!'" We venture to attribute the affirmation to *Dravcansir*.

It is not so easy to fix the responsibility for another oversight. MR. MURRAY's father, the founder of the house, is said to have paid sixty guineas for a translation of SCHEELE's chemical essay to "MR. J. BEDDOWES." This personage is no other than the celebrated DR. THOMAS BEDDOES, the discoverer of SIR HUMPHRY DAVY, the friend of COLERIDGE and SOUTHEY, the brother-in-law of MISS EDGEWORTH, and the father of the author of "Death's Jest Book."

THERE is no truth in the report that MR. BUCHANAN's new poem, "The Outcast," is another rhetorical version of the life of Christ. The hero is Vanderdecken, the Flying Dutchman, whose story has been made familiar to the modern public by WAGNER's opera. It is needless to say that MR. BUCHANAN's treatment of the legend is entirely original. The poet, we believe, kicks over the traces in a somewhat novel fashion, and makes his theme an excuse for an infinity of digressions on subjects of the day, and on persons dead and living. One strong feeling, however, animates the whole work—a feeling of irreconcilable opposition to what MR. BUCHANAN calls the current doctrine of Self and Self-emancipation, and so far the spirit is distinctly altruistic. The poem will be illustrated by a number of highly imaginative drawings by MR. HUME NISBET. MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS are the publishers.

SHORTLY before the appearance of "The Outcast: a Rhyme for the Time," MR. WILLIAM HEINEMANN will publish a prose book by MR. BUCHANAN, "The Coming Terror, with Other Essays and Letters." In this book MR. BUCHANAN reprints a number of his letters to the *Daily Telegraph* and other newspapers, together with several discussions on contemporary topics. The longest paper is entirely new, and



consists of a dialogue between Alienatus, a Provincial, and Urbanus, a Cockney. In this portion of the book, as in others, it will be discovered that Mr. BUCHANAN "hits hard all round." His protest is against what he calls the "anti-social Socialism of the hour," and against "special Governmental Providence in all departments." He guards, however, against the charge of ultra-Individualism. "That duty which Society owes to the individual," he insists, "the individual also owes to Society." "A plague on both your houses," is Mr. BUCHANAN's cry, alike to ultra-Socialist and ultra-Individualist. It is always, we fear, difficult to say on which side Mr. BUCHANAN fights; although a savage adversary, he makes a dangerous ally.

MR. MORLEY ROBERTS, author of "The Western Avernus," one of the most remarkable books of travel we have had since "Eöthen," and of "In Low Relief," an autobiographic novel, is about to issue a volume of poems. MR. ROBERTS tramped America with some Indian corn in one pocket and a copy of VIRGIL in another, as a friend of his puts it; and many of his poems were written when he was working on the Canadian Pacific Railway and in San Francisco. The collection will be mostly lyrical—what MR. ROBERTS calls "mood-poetry"—with some sonnets and a few longer poems. We understand that MR. EDWARD ARNOLD will publish it.

MR. EUGENE LEE HAMILTON, whose poetic drama, "The Fountain of Youth," is to be published shortly, lives in a suburban villa at Florence, where for ten years he has had to lie on his back and endure much suffering. The works of LEOPARDI, a poet who also triumphed over physical pain and weakness, have, as might be expected, a great attraction for MR. LEE HAMILTON, and he is engaged at present in translating the poems of the "younger brother of DANTE" into English. PONCE DE LÉON is the hero of MR. LEE HAMILTON's forthcoming drama.

SEVERAL interesting biographies are announced. MESSRS. CASSELL & Co. will publish MR. J. J. ROCHE's "Life of John Boyle O'Reilly," the Irish-American journalist; MISS BLANCHE ROOSEVELT has written a book on "Carmen Sylva," entitled "Elizabeth of Roumania: a Study," which will be published by MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL; MISS MATHILDE BLIND is writing a study of her old friend MAZZINI; and MR. FISHER UNWIN has in the press a revised and enlarged edition of SIGNORA VILLARI's translation of PROFESSOR VILLARI's "Life and Times of Machiavelli."

In criticism we are to have "Essays on French Novelists" (PERCIVAL), by GEORGE SAINTSBURY; and "Philomythus; or, an Antidote against Credulity" (MACMILLAN), an analysis by the REV. DR. ABBOTT of CARDINAL NEWMAN's essay on "Ecclesiastical Miracles." In history the third and concluding volume of MR. S. R. GARDINER's "Great Civil War" is announced; and in miscellaneous literature MESSRS. JARROLD & SONS, of Norwich, announce "Peeps at the Past; or, Rambles among Norfolk Antiquities," by MR. MARK KNIGHTS; and MR. FISHER UNWIN promises as the next two volumes of the "Adventure Series" "Klepht and Warrior," translated from the Greek by MRS. EDWARDS, and the "Travels of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto," with notes by ARMINIUS VAMBERY.

Two curiosities will be published immediately. One, entitled "Rosmer of Rosmersholm," a drama purporting to give the antecedent history of the characters in IBSEN's play, will be published by MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHN & Co. MESSRS. GRIFFITH, FARRAN & Co. will issue the other, "The Lord's Prayer in Three Hundred Languages."

MESSRS. W. H. ALLEN & Co. announce "Some Sketches of Indian Life," by MRS. E. F. CHAPMAN, and a Welsh story, "Spindle and Shears," by MR. LEWIS ARMYTAGE; "A Rainbow at Night," a new story by M. E. LE CLERC, will be published shortly by MESSRS. HURST & BLACKETT; MR. J. F. HOGAN is busy on a romance of England and Australia, to be called "The Convict King;" and STEPNIAR and MR. WESTALL, the translators of "The Blind Musician," have just completed another transcript from KOROLENKO, to be published by MESSRS. WARD & DOWNEY under the title of "In Two Moods."

THE Cassell Publishing Company New York are issuing by special arrangement an edition of MR. J. M. BARRIE's works. "My Lady Nicotine" and "A Window in Thrums" have already appeared. The "Pseudonym Library" is also being issued in America by the same firm under the title of "The 'Unknown' Library," from which it would appear that the Americans have an objection to "lang-nebbit" words. At any rate, they must use some of the simpler ones in a different sense from us. Would any English publisher quote as a commendatory notice this sentence, which appears with the advertisement of "The Story of Eleanor Lambert": "The ideal, perfect form in which a novelette should fall from the press"?

ALL that MR. KEGAN PAUL cares to preserve of his contributions to various periodicals for some years he has collected in a charming volume under the title of "Faith and Unfaith" (KEGAN PAUL). Although the subjects of the essays, THOMAS À KEMPIS, SHAKESPEARE, JEAN CALAS, &c., do not seem to be closely connected, yet as there is embodied in them the record of an inward strife, they have a certain spiritual affinity.

THE scheme of "The Seal of Fate" (LONGMANS), by LADY POLLOCK and WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK, is the same as that of their previous work, "A Cast of the Dice"; but the alteration in the manner of telling is so great as to constitute a new work.

THIS week are published the twenty-sixth volume of the "Dictionary of National Biography" (SMITH, ELDER), which begins with HENRY II. and ends with JOHN HADDON HINDLEY, the Oriental scholar; the second volume of the "Cambridge Shakespeare" (MACMILLAN); the second volume of the revised edition of DR. MARTINEAU's "Essays, Reviews, and Addresses" (LONGMANS); the fourth edition of MR. ALFRED AUSTIN's "Human Tragedy" (MACMILLAN); and by MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL & Co., "Principles of Natural and Supernatural Morals," in two volumes, by the REV. HENRY HUGHES, M.A.; "Charles Macklin," by E. A. PARRY, being the third volume of the "Eminent Actor Series"; and "Io, and other Verse," by MARY P. NEGREPONTE.

THE April number of the German magazine *Nord und Sud* contains a diary kept (at the age of fifteen) by FERDINAND LASSALLE, "thinker and fighter," as his epitaph has it; or rather, revolutionist, philosopher, Socialist, and champion of oppressed womanhood. It seems hardly less egoistic than that of MARIE BASHKIRTSEFF. He was a curious mixture of precocity and childishness. In important matters his family took, and prized, his advice: he was the confidant and adviser (at fifteen!) of a much older man in a love affair: refused to be a merchant and longed to be a scholar. Yet at school he compares himself to OVID in exile among barbarians, to whom

If housekeepers are in earnest in wishing to benefit the unemployed in East London, they should buy BRYANT & MAY's Matches, and refuse the foreign matches which are depriving the workers in East London of a large amount in weekly wages.

he was a barbarian himself. He never learnt a lesson; invariably borrowed his schoolfellows' exercises to copy (in school, of course); bitterly lamented their meanness if they hesitated to lend them; when asked a question in class he took up the book and read the answer; and systematically forged his parents' signatures (acknowledging the receipt of his school reports) to prevent his misdeeds from coming to their ears. Meanwhile he wonders (in writing) how he can forge the name of a father whom he loves "with ecstasy as only a child can love"; and when his sins are discovered, shuts himself up and meditates, philosophically, on suicide. "Yet at the bottom of my heart," he concludes, "I am good." And so it proved.

ALL his time out of school was spent in playing cards and billiards, and at every café and confectioner's in the town. A curious preparation, indeed, for a life of revolutionary agitation, writing a work of 600 pages on the philosophy of HERAKLEITOS the dark (whereas what is known about that philosopher would easily go into six), formulating the iron law of wages, championing a wife against her infamous husband, and finally meeting his death in a duel (before he was forty) as the result of his endeavouring to rescue a fair lady from the clutches of a Wallachian Boyar.

ROBERT NIXON, referred to in our notice last week of MR. FITZGERALD'S "Pickwick," was quite a remarkable man in his time. He was called the Cheshire Prophet, and foretold events during the reigns of EDWARD IV., RICHARD III., and HENRY VII. He was one of those seers who "in a trance seeing all their own mischance," have had a very miserable time of it. HENRY VII., hearing of his famous predictions, sent for him to court. NIXON had prophesied that he himself was to be starved to death in the king's palace, and was very reluctant to go. The king, however, made much of him, and he forgot his fear for a while. But one morning he felt his time had come. The king was going a-hunting, and he begged to be taken with him; but the king recommended him to the care of a certain officer and left him behind. As soon as the king was gone the servants, who hated NIXON, began to tease him, and the officer, at NIXON'S own request, locked him into a strong room until the king should return. The officer, having been sent away on important business as soon as the king returned, did not get back for three days. On hastening to liberate NIXON, he found him dead. Such is the story of the chapbooks.

WILL there be many nude figures in the Royal Academy this year? MR. HORSLEY is one of the Hanging Committee, so the British nation ought to rejoice. And yet those who went the round of the studios last Sunday—spies into the Promised Land of British art—have brought back with them reports of quite an unusual number of studies from the life. And some of these come from the studios of members of the Academy, over whose fate MR. HORSLEY has but a limited control. It will be interesting to see whether any traces of his influence will be found upon the walls of Burlington House a few weeks hence.

WHY has no modern and scientific historian dealt with the history of the Isle of Man? PROFESSOR FREEMAN has eloquently described the last direct survivals in Europe of the popular assembly of our German forefathers—which is, indeed, also nearly akin to the assembly of the Achæians before Troy, and of historical Sparta, for all are modes of the primitive Aryan assembly, the parent of all modern Parliaments—in the Landesversammlungen of Uri and Appenzell. Yet, on Easter Monday, a survival,

more degenerate no doubt, but reminiscent at any rate of early Greek politics no less than of its Norse archetype, was witnessed by some thousands of people on the Tynwald Hill, between Douglas and Peel.

THE laws passed by the Sovereign Legislature of the island, duly attested by representatives of the people, and assented to by the Crown, were then promulgated. Only thus do they become binding. Just so in Sparta the Kings and the Elders—and the House of Keys, now democratic, once was a House of Elders—had to announce their decisions to the people to give them the force of law. So did AGAMEMNON before Troy.

THE only champion of popular rights in the latter case was answered by ULYSSES with a blow from the sceptre. But the Manx law in the Middle Ages would have met a THERSITES with summary execution, followed by quartering and beheading. So low had popular power fallen! Tynwald is simply the Norse "Thingvalla" (the fenced assembly); and the House of Keys seems to have arisen out of it much as our own Parliament did out of the Folkmoot. Everywhere, indeed, Manx constitutional history seems to present points of contact with that of other Aryan Societies. The latest book produced by a Faculty of Political Science in the United States emphasises the fact that everywhere, and in America more clearly than in England, the State is behind the Government. The Tynwald Court has the merit of explicitly recognising the fact.

PRESBYTERIANISM seems to be *moulting*—or perhaps, merely changing its wing-feathers before a new flight across the English-speaking lands. A proposal has just come to all the churches of that stripe here, from the American Assembly, to join in making a short and common creed. It will be useful, they say, for their missions, as well as for all common purposes. There are a dozen of Presbyterian creeds already, the chief being the Westminster Confession; and the Americans do not propose to hinder each of the churches retaining its own, and tinkering it, as many of them are doing. They revised their creed themselves in 1787, and are doing it again. Our English Presbyterians made a new and pretty large one three years ago, and it is not yet finally adjusted. The Church of Scotland went as far as it could go without the aid of Parliament five years ago. The "United Presbyterians" in the North went very much farther nearly a generation ago. The Free Church has a Revision Committee sitting this year, which has agreed to three big patches on the Westminster Confession, and is about to discuss two or three others. What each of these bodies does in the way of disfiguring its own ancient document is profoundly uninteresting to outsiders. But it would be a different thing if Presbyterianism as a whole—a body which is powerful in the self-governing colonies as it is supreme in Scotland—should now take a step to realise its unity and perhaps restore its youth. The attempt would at least be without danger, now that the law has deprived it of its intolerant powers over others, and, except in Scotland, of its ascendancy.

#### JULES LEMAÎTRE.

PARIS, March 31st.

JULES LEMAÎTRE and his *Mariage Blanc* are the talk of the town. Every salon is discussing it, and crowded houses may surely be predicted to follow its fortunes at the Français. It is rarely that in so comparatively short a time, less than a decade, a writer comes to the front and occupies the first place in the eyes of his contemporaries. A few years ago Jules Lemaître's name was only beginning

to be known. Host of thoughts criticism of alike interminable of the whilst by the of moral sinking This co the feudal laxness much n a form trusted heads elucidat so capti years a a new a play theatre suspect dialogu of the Paris.

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to be known, outside esoteric circles, as one of the host of struggling young poets, and the author of a thoughtful volume of Essays. His weekly theatrical criticisms in the *Journal des Débats* had the property of alike amusing and irritating their readers. His interminable digressions, together with the abuse of the parenthesis, became jarring to the nerves; whilst the equally endless moral problems raised by the writer rarely tended to the advancement of morality. In a word, M. Lemaître seemed to be sinking into a hopeless pessimist and "decadent." This code of morals, from the point of view of the feuilletoniste, differed little from the agreeable laxness of Guy de Maupassant; and it needed not much more to procure for the rising man of letters a formal excommunication. Ghostly fathers entrusted with the education of youth shook their heads over the name of the *Débats* lundiste, whose elucidations were judged to be as dangerous, if not so captivating, as the humours of "Gyp." Just two years ago, however, the fanciful critic appeared in a new light as a creative dramatist with *Révolte*, a play in four acts, brought out at the Odéon theatre. In this piece the author displayed unsuspected qualities as a crisp, elegant writer of dialogue, keen satirist, and most perfect embodiment of the spirit of the hour in the fleeting world of Paris.

In this comedy-drama Lemaître showed up with a master's hand the foibles of the day, and of the society which loves to call itself "the world." This was the time when the exploits of Pranzini had brought muscle into fashion; when the gilded youth of the metropolis descended into the arena to jump through hoops in company with "Miss Leona," and rival the performances of the clowns. In so doing the gilded youth professed to further the work of regeneration. If it was tabooed in certain circles as low, the athletes invoked the traditions of their Frankish ancestors, the companions of Charlemagne, who, after all, were "nothing but superb brutes." If pushed to extremities, the boldest of the band did not scruple to add that it pleased the ladies, who all agreed on this head that the glory of a man is in his strength. Certain physiological proofs in support of this thesis were produced for the benefit of the Odéon audience, which, I suspect, a London drawing-room would not wink at. M. Lemaître would probably say that this was only to encourage virtue, which one of his heroes desired to see flourish in the lower classes, who have need of such restraints, "if only in order to render them more endurable in the eyes of their betters."

In *Le Député Leveau*, produced at the Vaudeville last October, Jules Lemaître gave a kick to the expiring spirit of Boulangism. This scathing exposure of Parliamentary intrigues and impostures may possibly have contributed to the subsidence of much of that mischievous lobbying and transparent fictitious alliances which had so disgusted the French electorate. When the public heard that the sincerity of a politician's convictions were measured by "the extent to which he lived by them," they felt the cause was judged. The thrust went home to too many of the Palais Bourbon auditors not to cause them to profit by the lesson. Irreconcilables were also taught then that people might have interests, if not ideas, in common. The inanity of such party cries as separation of Church and State was revealed by the comedian through the mouth of his female politicians, who let fall some precious indications as to how these matters are regarded by the ladies. Certain it is that, since the appearance *Le Député Leveau* we have had no instance of a noisy provincial hoisted, on the shoulders of his fellows for upsetting a Cabinet with the party cry that had made him famous at Foully-les-Oies. In this department M. Jules Lemaître may be said to have rendered solid as well as brilliant services. What shall be said of *Le Mariage Blanc*? Here the good work is not so apparent. The piece suffers from its structure. No amount of brilliant colouring and

ingenious ornament can efface the effect of the faulty design. The author excuses his *motif*, against which some hard things have been said, on the ground that it was founded on fact. Jules Lemaître, in his callow days, made the acquaintance of a young consumptive maiden—in a "family boarding-house"—who seems to have inspired him with a sincere, if brief, passion. He also made it the subject of a sonnet. He should have stuck to his sonnet. Transported to the stage, with all the powerful advocacy of the matchless Comédie Française, the poesy is evaporated. In the words of one of the characters, Dr. Doliveux, the central idea is "simply monstrous." The touch of nature is wanting, and all the resources of art only tend to heighten the deformity. To lend oneself to a mock marriage, with pseudo-altruistic intention, in order to add to a gallery of curiosities already too full, cannot but be repugnant to sound moral sense. In this attempt Lemaître has surpassed the *morbidité* of Paul Bourget, but at the expense of truth.

We are still in search of a work of art which shall put in motion what M. Brunetière calls "the tragedy of a will which thinks;" which shall exhibit a man mastering his fate by the power of his will, and not succumbing to the whirlwind of his passion. If Lemaître can rise above the influence of his surroundings, the temptation to effect and to scandal; if this highly-gifted writer will chasten his muse, and withdraw from the contagion of prurient good fortunes to stretch the gamut of the passions beyond the ken of the Boulevard; if he will remember that nothing that is human should be alienated from his pen—then this man of the day will indeed become "the master." What a field lies open for this fortunate sower if only he knew it!

#### WHEN THE SAP ROSE.

##### A FANTASIA.

AN old yellow van—the *Comet*—came jolting along the edge of the downs and shaking its occupants together like peas in a bladder. The bride and bridegroom did not mind this much; but the Registrar of Births, Deaths and Marriages who had bound them in wedlock at the Bible Christian chapel, two hours before, was discomforted by a pair of tight boots that nipped cruelly whenever he stuck his feet out to keep his equilibrium.

Nevertheless his mood was genial, for the young people had taken his suggestion and acquired a copy of their certificate. This meant five extra shillings in his pocket. Therefore, when the van drew up at the cross-roads for him to alight, he wished them long life and a multitude of children, with quite a fatherly air.

"You can't guess where I'm going. It's to pay my old mother a visit. Ah, family life's the pretty life—that ever I should say it."

They saw no reason why he should be cynical, more than other men. And the bride, in whose eyes this elderly gentleman with the tight boots appeared a rosy, winged Cupid, waved her handkerchief until the vehicle had sidled round the hill, resembling in its progress some very infirm crab in a hurry.

As a fact, the Registrar wore a silk hat, a suit of black "West-of-England" broad-cloth, a watch-chain made of his dead wife's hair, and two large seals that clashed together when he moved. His face was wide and round, with a sanguine complexion, grey side-whiskers and a cicatrix across the chin. He had shaved in a hurry, that morning, for the wedding was early and took place on the extreme verge of his district. His is a beautiful office—recording day by day the solemnest and most mysterious events in nature. Yet, standing at the cross-roads, between down and woodland, under an April sky full of sun and south-west wind, he threw the ugliest shadow in the whole landscape.

The road towards the coast dipped—too steeply for tight boots—down a wooded coombe, and he followed it, treading delicately. The hollow of the V ahead, where the hills overlapped against the pale blue, was powdered with a faint brown bloom, soon to be green—an infinity of bursting buds. The larches stretched their arms upwards, as men waking. The yellow was out on the gorse, with a heady scent like a pineapple's, and between the bushes spread the grey film of coming blue-bells. High up, the pines sighed along the ridge, turning paler; and far down, where the brook ran, a mad duet was going on between thrush and chaffinch—*Cheer up, cheer up, Queen! Clip, clip and kiss me—Sweet!*—one against the other.

Now the behaviour of the Registrar of Births, Deaths and Marriages changed as he descended the valley. At first he went from side to side because the loose stones were sharp and lay unevenly; soon he zig-zagged for another purpose—to peer into the bank for violets, to find a gap between the trees where, by bending down with a hand on each knee and his head tilted back, he could see the primroses stretching in broad sheets to the very edge of the pine-woods. By frequent tilting his collar broke from its stud and his silk hat settled far back on his neck. Next he unbuttoned his waistcoat and loosened his braces: but no, he could not skip—his boots were too tight. He looked at each tree, as he passed. "If I could only see—" he muttered. "I'll swear there used to be one, on the right, just here."

But he could not find it here—perhaps his memory misgave him—and presently turned with decision, climbed the low fence on his left, between him and the hollow of the coombe, and dropped into the plantation on the other side. Here the ground was white, in patches, with anemones; and as his feet crushed them, descending, the babel of the birds grew louder and louder.

He issued on a small clearing by the edge of the brook, where the grass was a delicate green, each blade pushing up straight as a spear-point from the crumbled earth. Here were more anemones, between patches of last year's bracken, and on the further slope a mass of daffodils. He pulled out a pocket-knife that had sharpened some hundreds of quill pens, and looking to his right, found what he wanted at once.

It was a sycamore, on which the buds were swelling. He cut a small twig, as big round as his middle-finger, and sitting himself down on a barked log, close by, began to measure and cut it to a span's length, avoiding all knots. Then, taking the knife by the blade between finger and thumb, he tapped the bark gently with the tortoise-shell handle. And as he tapped, his face went back to boyhood again, in spite of the side-whiskers, and his mouth was pursed up to a silent tune.

For ten minutes the tapping continued: The birds ceased their contention and broke out restlessly at intervals. A rabbit across the brook, paused and listened at the funnel-shaped mouth of his hole, which caught the sound and redoubled it.

"Confound these boots!" said the Registrar, and pulling them off, tossed them among the primroses. They were elastic-sides.

The tapping ceased. A breath of the landward breeze came up, combing out the tangle that winter had made in the grass, caught the brook on the edge of a tiny fall and puffed it back six inches in a spray of small diamonds. It quickened the whole copse. The oak-saplings rubbed their old leaves one on another, as folks rub their hands, feeling life and warmth: the chesnut-buds groped like an infant's fingers: and the chorus broke out again, the thrush leading—*Tiurru, tiurru, chippinee; tio-tee, tio-tee; queen, queen que-ee!*

In a moment or two he broke off suddenly, and a honey-bee shot out of an anemone-bell like a shell from a mortar. For a new sound disconcerted them—a sound sharp and piercing. The Registrar had finished making his whistle and was blowing

like mad, moving his fingers up and down. Having proved his instrument, he dived a hand into his tail-pocket and drew out a roll, tied around with ribbon. It was the folded, leather-bound volume in which he kept his blank certificates. And spreading it on his knees, he took his whistle again and blew, reading his music from the blank pages, and piping a strain he had never dreamed of. For he whistled of Births and Marriages.

O, happy Registrar! O, happy, happy Registrar! You will never get into those elastic-sides again. Your feet swell as they tap the swelling earth, and at each tap the flowers push, the sap climbs, the speck of life moves in the hedge-sparrow's egg: while, far away on the downs, with each tap, the yellow van takes bride and groom a foot nearer felicity. It is hard work in worsted socks, for you smite with the vehemence of Pan, and Pan had a hoof of horn.

The Registrar's mother lived in the fishing-village, two miles down the coombe. Her cottage leant back against the cliff so closely, that the boys, as they followed the path above, could toss 'tabs' of turf down her chimney: and this was her chief annoyance.

Now it was close on the dinner-hour, and she stood in her kitchen beside a pot of stew that simmered over the wreck-wood fire.

Suddenly a great lump of earth and grass came bouncing down the chimney, striking from side to side, and soused into the pot, scattering the hot stew over the hearth-stone and splashing her from head to foot.

Quick as thought, she caught up a besom and rushed out around the corner of the cottage.

"You stinking young adders!" she began.

A big man stood on the slope above her.

"Mother, cuff my head, that's a dear. I couldn't help doin' it."

It was the elderly Registrar. His hat, collar, tie and waistcoat were awry; his boots were slung on the walking-stick over his shoulder; stuck in his mouth and lit was a twist of root-fibre, such as country boys use for lack of cigars and he himself had used, forty years before.

The old woman turned to an ash-colour, leant on her besom, and gasped.

"William—"

"I'm not drunk, mother: been a Band of Hope these dozen years." He stepped down the slope to her and bent his head low. "Box my ears, mother, quick! You used to have a wonderful gift o' cuffin'."

"William—I'm bound to do it or die."

"Then be quick about it."

Half-laughing, half-sobbing she caught him a feeble cuff and, next instant, held him close to her old breast. The Registrar disengaged himself after a minute, brushed his eyes, straightened his hat and picked up the besom and offered her his arm. They passed into the cottage together.

Q.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### NEWFOUNDLAND AND THE STATUTE LAW REVISION ACT.

SIR,—In your number of 21st March you state that the Act 5 Geo. IV., c. 31, which empowered Her Majesty to give such instructions to the Governor of Newfoundland and officers on that station as might appear necessary or proper for enforcing treaties between Her Majesty and any foreign Power, was "gaily repealed, with goodness only knows what else besides," by a Statute Law Revision Act.

The facts are these. The Act empowering the instructions to be given was 5 Geo. IV., c. 51—not c. 31. The Act was temporary (s. 17), and limited in its duration to five years, but was subsequently continued for another period of five years, expiring in 1834. It had therefore ceased to be in force for thirty-nine years when it was included in the schedule to the Statute Law Revision Act, 1873. Your readers may therefore

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judge whether "the craze for futile reforms" has in this instance done any harm.

I cannot but observe that "the craze for futile reforms" has enabled the Statute Law Committee to comprise within three octavo volumes all the statutes from the reign of Henry III. to the year 1815. I may further observe that the inclusion of the Act 5 Geo. IV., c. 51. in the schedule to the Statute Law Revision Act, 1873, would not have destroyed the power of Her Majesty to issue the instructions in question, if the Act had remained in force in Newfoundland at the date of the passing of the repealing statute, as will appear from a reference to the saving clauses therein contained.

THRING,

Chairman of the Statute Law Committee.

31st March, 1891.

#### "PICKWICK."

SIR,—The following information will doubtless interest your readers and lovers of "Pickwick"—one and the same people. What Sam Weller said to his father was, "You've been a prophesying away wery fine, like a red-faced Nixon, as the six-penny books give pictures on." The entry Mr. Fitzgerald found in a catalogue is hardly full enough or accurate. It should be "Nixon's Cheshire Prophecies," &c. It is a chapbook published in 1820, with a very red-faced man on the outside, as well as the "coloured folding frontispiece." One of the prophecies is about the town of Nantwich, which was to "fall down" "when a hare ran through the town." A hare did run through the town about thirteen or fourteen years ago. Therefore it "fell down"—i.e., there were subsidences. Mr. Snodgrass was the "shoving man" at the review. Some "facetious gentlemen squeezed him into the very last extremity of human torture" and then requested to know "were he vos a shovin' to." Your article invites attention to the fact that "the dates are all wrong." The most curious (I think) inaccuracy in "Pickwick" is this. In chap. xxiii., at the beginning of the return match between Sam Weller and Job Trotter, Job informed Sam: "In that house with the green gate, Mr. Weller, they keep a good many servants." Not many pages later (page 39 of the Jubilee edition) Sam asks Mr. Muzzle "How many ladies are there?" "Only two in one kitchen," said Mr. Muzzle; "cook and housemaid. We keep a boy to do the dirty work, and a gal besides; but they dines in the washus."—Yours faithfully,

WALTER WREN.

Powis Square, W., 1st April, 1891.

#### A LITERARY CAUSERIE.

THE SPEAKER OFFICE,  
Friday, April 3rd, 1891.

THE address at the head of this "Causerie" is mere fiction. As a matter of fact I have written it with a borrowed pen beside the open window of an inn, and something of vastly greater moment than a literary discussion is going on, out of doors. It was accident, and no more, that threw a paradox in my way last night and gave me a subject which, upon consideration, seems important.

Late in the afternoon, when the knapsack began to be a burden, I turned in at the gate of a small railway-station and found that the next train was not due for close upon an hour. The porter who told me this was a small agreeable man, well advanced in the fifties, and we chatted on local topics for some while. By-and-by he began to talk of his son,—whose name he had already let fall, once or twice, with evident pride. The young man was an artist "in his way;" was never happy without pencil or colours; it always had been so, ever since he was breeched. Then "would I like to look over his sketches? There was a drawerful at home, and the walls covered with framed ones—he was terrible clever at making frames—and the cottage was a bare two minutes' walk from the station." We strolled across to it. By an odd coincidence, which struck me on the way, the cottage stood but a little distance from the spot where old Dr. Wolcott (Peter Pindar) discovered Opie.

There the coincidence ended. The "sketches" were very poor—exquisitely laboured, full of detail without selection, copies (for the most part) from old numbers of the *Illustrated*, *Graphic*, and *Sporting and Dramatic*. Not a single one represented a scene with

which the young genius could have had any acquaintance,—but tropical forests, Indian temples, skirmishes in the Soudan. The immense labour spent upon them was pathetic: nor was it an easy matter to meet the father's eye, as he stood waiting for some word of astonishment. I felt heartily glad that the young genius himself was off on his Easter holiday. On our way back to the station, my companion, who felt my disappointment, and tried to conceal his own, had much to say on the extreme pains that his son took. This alone would have betrayed his mind. Nine times out of ten, when we say that a man takes pains, we are seeking to excuse something.

Why it should be, I have been asking myself vainly: but if ever you hear of a "self-taught" artist the chances are a thousand to one that he is a slavish copyist, not of Nature, but of the most conventional work of other men. This holds of writing as well as painting. We had a poet in these parts a few years back, a rural postman, who published his verses by subscription. If you walked beside him, he would discourse in beautiful provincial English and reveal the subtlest knowledge of his own countryside: but give him a pen and he produced stark album-verses—the dimmest conventionalities. Occasionally he wrote in dialect, even worse. Is it not amazing that in this island, where dozens of melodious dialects are spoken, there should (out of Scotland) be no poetry, worth the name, in dialect? There is Barnes, of course: and who besides?

Most of our great writers have been born in obscure country-places: but have not stayed there. And the dismal alternative seems to be this,—either a genius stays at home and remains a mute, inglorious Milton (and a mute Milton, as far as I can see, is a precious poor creature, who holds violent religious opinions and bullies his wife); or he goes to London, learns to write "literary English" and, having learnt it, finds it a quite useless vehicle for conveying the secrets of rural nature. It is quite true. I look out of window here and note a thousand small indications of the year's renaissance, the renewing of life which is, I suppose, the biggest event that ever takes place in this world. I note one small sign after another, and know that if I ransacked the dictionary for years I should never be able to speak of them. The language holds no name for the colours and motions and sounds of bird, tree, flower, and wind at this season. You cannot express Nature in her own terms, so to speak. Casting up and down, I hit on one of the happiest songs in our language, the Two Pages' Song, in *As You Like It*—

"It was a lover and his lass,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
That o'er the green cornfield did pass  
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding ding,  
Sweet lovers love the spring." Etc. etc.

The best judge of poetry in my acquaintance can never read that song through without choking, for the very gladness of it. For why? It gets as near expressing the lively rapture of the season as our language can go. How? By a few words about a young man and woman and a burthen of barely articulate sounds. And we may be certain that if Shakespeare had never left Stratford-on-Avon, he could never have written that song with nothing in it, yet almost everything in it. He had lived far enough from Nature to understand that she cannot be more than suggested, in the vaguest possible fashion, by words. Now there lived a man, the other day—a man of genius, too—who tried to do otherwise. His name was Richard Jefferies, and he was not only an observer but an interpreter—if only he had possessed a language. A dumb interpreter! Is it any wonder that his story was a pathetic one?

Solomon found it hard to understand the way of a serpent upon a rock. I suppose the Hebrew tongue—with which I have less than a bowing acquaintance—was too angular for it. Probably no one in England understands the way of a labouring man with a scythe, his divine motions, the play of his arms, the pain growing in his back and lumbar muscles. Our poets and novelists have plenty to say about the country, but I never yet came across an attempt to depict the agricultural labourer as he is—his physical beauty, so unlike that of the Greek statues; his amazing sentimentality, so different from the guess-work of well-fed writers; his inexplicable cheerfulness. I never yet read a work of fiction which paid any attention to that which to him is the first of all subjects—above religion, love, beer, and the desire to say comic things in dialect—the problem of supporting a wife and children on so many shillings a week.

With pencil and colours, however, one would have thought Nature could hardly be avoided by the village artist. But it is not so. The "self-taught" painter is, if possible, a more abject slave to conventionality than the "self-taught" writer. With country wood-carvers and architects it is the same story. The original man is he who has learnt in a school. The native genius either does not see Nature, or looks on it as something to be avoided. The railway porter had a wonderful group of elms at the foot of his garden, and beyond them a landscape which, for once in a way, "composed" itself. It seems to have had no charm for the porter's son, who pegged away indoors, copying the Caves of Elephanta from a sixpenny illustrated paper and conscientiously imitating all its scamped execution.

By "originality" I have meant no more than a man's own apprehension of Nature. Heaven knows what the "originality" is that everybody is looking out for and talking about nowadays. "So-and-so has written a novel with a really original plot," says a reviewer ecstatically. On examination, this plot turns out to be a surprising piece of *invention*: the author has constructed an imaginary world in which everybody stands on his head, or a beautiful woman who renews her youth once in every thousand years, or a state of society in which sinfulness and virtue change places, or some such nonsense. Surely most of us, in the days before we discriminated between cigars, were original in the reviewer's sense. We could all turn out a new heaven and a new earth, both unworkable, with a little encouragement: but saw no reason on that account to despise Fielding or Dickens, who couldn't do it to save their lives. When a man looks out of a country window on such a day as this, it occurs to him that invention is poor work, and the Greek Chimæra about the cheapest product in art.

Φ.

## REVIEWS.

### THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A COUNTRY.

DENMARK, ITS HISTORY AND TOPOGRAPHY, LANGUAGE, LITERATURE, FINE ARTS, SOCIAL LIFE, AND FINANCE. Edited by H. Weitemeyer. London: W. Heinemann. 1891.

M. WEITEMEYER has made a courageous experiment. We have of late been plentifully supplied with "stories" about countries not our own, all more or less authentic, and interesting, but all, equally, written by ourselves. This is a "new departure"—a brilliant but modest account of a small country, made by men native to that country, but written for foreigners and in a foreign dress. A succinct history of the people, their language and their laws, is given us in "the three tongues of the World"

(we presume, English, German, and French). Whence comes the nerve for such a task? It is not a translation, but an original effort in each case; and thoroughness, perspicacity, and care, are found in every page, wrestling with the unfamiliar material—as it is said by M. Weitemeyer himself in the preface—"the specific Danish should be seen and heard in the foreign garb, and yet without doing violence to the language in which it has to be written."

Through the English medium, the specific Danish is, indeed, seen and heard, and whether or not our sacred usage has suffered too much violence the reader will judge. It is, as the editor says, a difficulty, a choice of evils, for either he must write his own way, or keep silent, and we beg to plead for the view that in this case, silence on the part of M. Weitemeyer would have been a sad loss.

The time is doubtless coming when one of us will sit down to write, in the Russian tongue, a Short History of the English people for the use of Russians; but the time is not yet. That work is not done.

M. Christian Hort, of Copenhagen, appears to have had the original idea of handing to strangers a complete Guide to Denmark without troubling them to translate. The book presents, compact, the history natural and spiritual, the geography moral and political, of dramatic Denmark. It gives us, to conclude, the text of its two great documents of State, some of its legal history, and sufficient statistics to satisfy most people.

M. Weitemeyer is heard as to the "history" and "geography," in the common understanding of those terms; and we begin with him. We must say he does scant justice to the heroic age, whether of historic or pre-historic date. No Beowulf is here, and yet if ever that champion plunged, it was into a Danish moss he went. Gallant Valdemar is mentioned, but the warrior "Archbishop" Absalon, his friend and brother-in-arms, appears pacifically merely as the founder of Copenhagen, and patron of Saxo Grammaticus. Who would guess that his Grace thundered from the deck of a long ship upon the heathen inhabitants of the isles of the Baltic, or bullied his peasantry, in the precincts of Lund, for the wherewith to raise his log-churches and carry on his crusade? Everyone fought, in the good old days of Denmark, and the ladies subscribed their bracelets and bangles to recall their king from captivity. But M. Weitemeyer keeps these things to himself.

More serious is the point assumed as to the date and origin of hostile feeling between Sweden and Denmark. M. Weitemeyer, ignoring the ancestral strife—reflected even so early as to show in the mythical story of the Battle of Bravalla—makes Christian "the Terrible" responsible for their disunion, and the subsequent awful wars. No one can wish more earnestly than we do for the real Union of the North, on a firmer basis than good Queen Margaret's; but it is useless to deny facts. These national idiosyncrasies exist, and are rooted in the past. M. Weitemeyer speaks (further on) of the Dano-Swedish struggle as "the fruits of the Union," and we fear that he does not share our view of the great queen's experiment—which is, that it was a gallant effort after Home Rule, before its time, but not otherwise bearing the seeds of failure.

Few of us understand the Slesvig-Holstein Question. Here is an opportunity to do so, for it must be read in the light of Danish experience through all the ages. M. Weitemeyer evinces a soberness of judgment, a temperance that meets its reward in being apt to convince. Through its operation we are enabled to follow out the threads of cause and consequence, and to approach something like a conclusion upon the whole affair.

But we do not rest here. M. Weitemeyer carries us straight down to the present time; and this must be to all the most acutely interesting part of the book. The national struggle, which ended so bitterly in the loss of two duchies (fatally joined

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together by some elfin fate), passes into the Constitutional struggle, and explains itself still further in so doing. It seems as if Danish ground teemed with those dragon teeth: and that warriors for State or for Church must ever arise and stand in the shoes of the fallen "Landsoldat." This is a story pregnant of principles. Never yet written, it is now written simply, mildly, and forcefully, up to date: with candour, clearness, and patience. Everybody knows the outline of the struggle.

The Folketing, or Danish Lower House, has of late years been affected with a strong tendency to refuse the King his annual budget. A few of us know the reason why, and the principal puzzle in the whole thing is its long continuance. Why is the whole situation so "sub-acute"? Why not fight it out, tooth and nail, and have done? Especially now that we notice that, whatever their difference of opinion as to method, the Danes are practically one in policy, one in a patriotic desire to secure the national defences—that one party, in fact, represents Copenhagen, the other rather that gallant antiquity, the province of Jutland. The question, looked at thus, appears to have safe limits. The very war-cry of the Socialists, as seen in the declaration (labelled in the *Dagsblad* of November 3rd, 1885, as "Attentatssprog," in reference to the attempt on the life of the Premier a little before that date) by Jacob Hansen, testifies to the steadfast attitude of that party towards all external—i.e., foreign—interference.

"We are the Danish folk living upon the land, drawing our sustenance therefrom for centuries. They are the aliens: they who have wandered in lawless and land-forslorn lately from Germany. (The free translation is semi-metrical, in mild instinctive commemoration of our own forebears.) Stunting our industries, scorning our language, and slighting our customs, they drive us to slavery. . . . To the work, Danish men!" But external safety is not now Denmark's ideal. Even in these poor men's mouths are those words "slighting our customs," "scorning our language," with what reference those who have followed the "Germanising" of Slesvig-Holstein will amply understand.

The article on Topography is well done, but the nature of the subject forbids any form of thought. With minds rested by repose on the gentle but undeniably picture-making scenery of those Isles of the Swan, and their Atlantic rampart, sandy Jutland, soft and strong, we proceed to M. Schwanenflugel on the Literature, and hence dawns a light. This is hardly a critical account. It merely musters the roll (a very handsome one, all things considered) of Danish writers from Saxo downwards. The Icelandic sources are hardly touched; but the native production proper is all here again up to date. What we wish to call attention to is the fighting. Here, too, are warriors and swords, and M. Schwanenflugel, with all his mildness, wields one himself. Here is rather an epic than a critique, for in Denmark the poet stands for his principle, as the hero for his shield.

It may be on the whole a gain to be a great, strong nation, hybrid and insular. But we over here can never taste the fierce delight of a "Culturkampf"—a war spiritual, between civilisation from without, and civilisation from within. Herein lies the cause of Denmark's unrest—the cause is Conscience, a thing with which, in intellectual matters, the British nation has little to do—but the Dane, from the King on the throne to the hind at the pigsty, has an uneasy sense of what he derives from others, as well as of what he owes to himself. And this is extended to books, ideas, and conceptions of the universal law; he is thankful for what he has received. From Germany, as being nearest, come these altered ideas and this unrest. If that great nation had never dealt in mundane hostilities at all there would still have been a war of culture, for the Danish race is homogeneous, unmixed; and instinct with unique fancy come of—who can say?—perhaps

its unique poverty. Here is the place for patriotism again, when M. Schwanenflugel gives, at the end of section "Literature and Fine Arts," a masterly account of the state of "the stage" in Denmark. Interposed between his articles lies M. Julius Lange's quiet array of Danish artistic industries, painting and sculpture, and M. Hammerich's "Music," which is musically done, if measured and modulated writing, suggestive of silver sounds and sweet verities unrevealed, is musical. And now we meet the National Opera, founded on the National Myth.

The early Saga—say that lost Saga of Hamlet—was a life-story, a biography put into eternal form by extra helps, and so is the native opera. The help in the former case was not poetry, but still the spirit of poetry—the soul's work in the fields of the past. The latter help is melody, and we have the motto of the Royal Theatre, Copenhagen, as a result: "*Not for pleasure only.*" The stage in Denmark is deeply in earnest; it is even ethically severe. Conscience acts unremittingly in that country, and in fact life, and the look of life, is hard. Criticism is based on self-discipline, as the national instinct battles with the cosmopolitan, and, while the blood is hot with a proud patriotism, the brain is cooled ever by experience, and generously ductile to a sense of indebtedness to that same foreigner, of whom we all say, alike with the Jutish labourer, "*He shall not govern us.*"

The time fails us to comment on the "Ground-Law," or fundamental Constitution of Denmark, obtained of Frederick VII. in 1849, and revised in 1866. The fascination of the elder Codes of Civil and Criminal Legislature must also be resisted; and that of "Lex Regia" itself, the most august announcement made by the former Frederick, who fought on the walls of Copenhagen against the beleaguering Swede, and whom the city train-bands in devout gratitude made an absolute autocrat. Even as he took his seat on the guarded throne he must have felt, in his coat-tail pocket, the crackle of the Jutland Code (much ignored in this book) with its immanent law of juries. Twelve "nævningner," otherwise honest men selected by name, followed King Canute from Jutland to England; but in the Isles they are, even now, only occasionally called upon. In his other pocket our autocrat held the Sealard Code, formed upon the basis of Valdemar and old Absalon, when Church and State went, literally, hand-in-hand.

The problem in Denmark is to adjust the clashing claims of which we have traced the origin. These energetic strivings are signs of life and permanence, and that we are presented with a work like the present is evidence of a collective unanimity in thought, a corporate consciousness in highest things, which make it worthy of the name of "National Autobiography."

#### RAW MATERIAL.

FRENCH REVOLUTIONARY GENERALS. By Major Arthur Griffiths. London: Chapman & Hall. 1891.

MAJOR GRIFFITHS has a good eye for a story, and an easy-fitting style, so one takes up this book with good hopes. But really, as he almost admits, it is rather more of a class-book—more of a connected skeleton of chief manœuvres and battles than a stirring tale of the personal lives of those eager, restless, uncommon soldiers who strove and survived as the generals of the Revolution, and (some of them) of the Revolution's master, Napoleon.

And from the military class-book point of view, it is unfortunate that the abridgment of campaigns here given has not been revised by the aid of good maps or of a personal knowledge of the lie of the country. Some forty often-repeated place-names are more or less concealed under disguises. He who blindly follows French writers of Teutonic words is sure to go wrong with them; but that will not account for mistakes in French geography, such as confusing the Rivers Loir and Loire, and taking Nort to be Niort, when the places are some eighty miles apart